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*King* HENRY *the Fifth*:

OR, THE

Conquest of FRANCE,

By the *ENGLISH*.

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KING HENRY

THE FIFTH.

OR, THE

CONQUEST of *France*,

By the *ENGLISH*.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

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By AARON HILL, Esq; *R*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for W. CHERWOOD in the *Passage* to the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, and J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. 1723.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

AND OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

BY THE REV. J. H. P. ...



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LONDON: ...  
18...



# PREFACE

## TO THE READER.



THE inimitable, and immortal, *Shake-spear*, about a hundred and thirty Years since, wrote a Play, on this Subject, and call'd it, *The Life of King Henry, the Fifth*: ——— Mine is a *New Fabrick*, yet I built



P R E F A C E.

on *His* Foundation; and the Reader, I am afraid, will, too easily, discover, without the Help of a Comparison, in what Places I am indebted to him.

The Success, which this Tragedy will meet with, on the Stage, is a Matter, of no Consequence: If it were otherwise, I shou'd be sorry, to have mistaken, so unseasonably, the Taste of the *Fashionable*! There is a Kind of *Dumb Drama*! a new, and wonderful, Discovery! that places the *Wit* in the *Heels*! and the Experience of Both our Theatres might have taught any Writer, but so dull a one as I am, that the *Harlequins*

P R E F A C E.

*lequins* are Gentlemen; of better Interest than the *Harrys*.

The Masters of the Stage act, like very discreet Judges: in falling in with a Humour, which they cou'd not have oppos'd but to their Disadvantage. What have *They* to do with *Reason*, to whom *Folly* is most profitable?----- To sail, with Wind, and Tide, is safest, and most easy: Nor is it any Part of their Business, to stem the Current of the Times; and be *Wise*, with Empty Boxes.

No *French Tricks*, however, in the Days of *my Hero*, were able to

## P R E F A C E.

Stand before him: Fortune favour'd him, *then*, against incredible Odds! and who knows, (if the Ladies will forgive me the Presumption of comparing *small* Things with *Great*,) but he may, *now*, become a Match, even for *Eunuchs*, and *Merry-Andrews*!

Yet, the Victory, at *Agencourt*, was an Action, not more wonderful! And it is, I fear, become impossible, since I have, imprudently, neglected to list those Squadrons of *light-arm'd* Forces, which have, so often, won the Day, for Our *Leaders*, in modern Poetry.

How



## P R E F A C E.

How poor a Thing is *Fame*, when so wretchedly *caball'd* for! It is hard to distinguish, which is strangest, and most ridiculous: the Noise, and Violence, of such Applause, in its first breaking out: or the Suddenness, with which it flattens, and leaves the Monsters *a-ground*! like that straggling Shoal of *Whales*, which the Sea has, lately, lifted into the Meadows of *Hamborough*.

After all, I am sanguine enough to hope, that a Taste for *Tragedy* may be restor'd:--- Yet, who wou'd  
not

P R E F A C E.

not despair of it, when It is deserted by those Great Spirits, whose past Actions must adorn it! ----- When a Name may be read, in the List of *Opera Directors*, which will furnish the Poets, of Ages, yet to come, with as wonderful a Character! and with Conquests gain'd as nobly, over the *French*, and *Spanish*, Arms, as any of the *Edwards*, or the *Henrys*, have left us, by the most glorious of their anti-ent Victories!

But, in all Events, I will be Easy, who have no better Reason to wish well to Poetry, than my Love for

# P R E F A C E.

a *Mistress*, I shall never be married to: For, whenever I grow *ambitious*, I shall wish to *build higher*; and owe my *Memory* to some Occasion, of more Importance, than my *Writings*.

December 5,  
1723.

A. HILL.



P R O-



# PROLOGUE:

Spoke by Mr. *WILKS*.

**F**ROM *Wit's old Ruins, shadow'd o'er with Bays,*  
*We draw some rich Remains of Shakespear's Praise.*  
*Shakespear! — the Sound bids charm'd Attention wake:*  
*And our aw'd Scenes, with conscious Reve'rence, Shake!*  
*Arduous the Task, to mix with Shakespear's Muse!*  
*Rash Game! where All, who play, are sure to lose.*  
*Yet — what our Author cou'd, he dar'd to try:*  
*And kept the fiery Pillar in his Eye.*  
*Led by such Light, as wou'd not let him stray,*  
*He pick'd out Stars, from Shakespear's milky Way.*

*Hid, in the Cloud of Battle, Shakespear's Care,*  
*Blind, with the Dust of War, o'erlook'd the Fair:*  
*Fond of their Fame, we shew their Influence, here,*  
*And place 'em, twinkling through War's smokey Sphere.*  
*Without their Aid, we lose Love's quick'ning Charms,*  
*And sullen Virtue mopes, in steril Arms.*  
*Now, rightly mix'd, th' enliven'd Passions move:*  
*Love softens War, — and War invigo'rates Love.*

*Ob! — cry'd that tow'ring Genius of the Stage,*  
*When, first, His Henry charm'd a former Age:*

*“ Ob! for a Muse of Fire, our Cause to friend,*  
*“ That might Invention's brightest Heav'n ascend!*

*“ That,*

## PROLOGUE.

“ *That, for a Stage, a Kingdom might be seen!*  
“ *Princes, to act, grace'd with their native Mien:*  
“ *And Monarchs, to behold, the swelling Scene!*  
“ *Then, like Himself, shou'd warlike Harry rise:*  
“ *And, fir'd with all his Fame, blaze, in your Eyes!*  
“ *Crouch'd, at his Heels, and, like fierce Hounds, leasb'd in,*  
“ *Sword, Fire, and Famine, with impatient Grin!*  
“ *Shou'd, fawning dreadful! but for Orders, stay:*  
“ *And, at his Nod,—start, horrible! away.*

*No barren Tale t' amuse, our Scene imparts:*  
*But points Example at your kindling Hearts.*  
*Mark, in their Dauphin, to our King oppos'd,*  
*The diffe'rent Genius of the Realms disclos'd:*  
*There, the French Levity—vain,—boastful,—loud:*  
*Dancing, in Death,—gay, wanton, fierce, and proud.*  
*Here, with a silent Fire, a temper'd Heat!*  
*Calmly resolv'd, our English Bosoms beat.*

*Art is too poor, to raise the Dead, 'tis true:*  
*But Nature does it, by their Worth, in You!*  
*Your Blood, that warm'd their Veins, still flows, the same:*  
*Still feeds your Valour, and supports their Fame.*

*Oh! let it waste no more, in Civil Farr:*  
*But flow, for glorious Fame, in foreign War.*





# EP I L O G U E:

Spoke by Mrs. *OLDFIELD*.

**W**E've shown Ye, Sirs! how France, of Old, was got:  
And, now, I'll tell ye, why we kept it not,—  
*This Hero's Son and Heir, — no warring Ranger!*  
*Lov'd Grace, obey'd his Wife, and hated Danger.*  
*Our Harry fought, all Day, and slept, all Night:*  
*Nor dreamt of gentler Joys, than those of Fight.*  
*Tho' bold, in War, His Feats, in Love, were faint!*  
*And this fam'd Champion gave the World a — Saint!*  
*There was a Bliss! — Ob! how was Kate mistaken!*  
*Such thund'ring Fame must mighty Hopes awaken:*  
*But, tir'd with Action, Her Heroick Lover*  
*Was found, in Peace, and Wedlock, no great Mover.*

*There lay the Guilt: — nor went unpunish'd, long,*  
*Weak tho' the Son was, his Ill-Fate was strong.*  
*Urg'd by slack Reins, and, quite broke loose, at last,*  
*The Horse of Power th' unequal Rider, cast.*  
*Then rose Division, Faction, and Debate:*  
*And That rank Weed, Rebellion, choak'd the State.*  
*Plunder was Law; and Force, on both Sides, Right;*  
*And Rogues in Red ravish'd, with all their Might!*  
*Widows, and Wives, were task'd, to their full Skill:*  
*And stubborn Maids were — pleas'd, against their Will.*



## EPILOGUE.

*No Plots, to hoodwink Horns, were, then, of Use:  
For the whole Sex made One allow'd Excuse:  
Why, Dear, what Help for't?—I was vex'd, I swear,  
But --- had not been so serv'd, had You been there.*

*Now, for some grave Instruction, from the Play,  
To send you, warn'd, as well as pleas'd, away?  
Who, --- by the Woes of a weak Prince's Rule,  
Learns not, to bless the stiddy, brave, and cool?  
All, that a Kingdom feels, of good, or ill,  
She owes, to her King's Weakness, or his Skill:  
Still, what the Monarch is, still, such the State,  
For a King's Conduct is his People's Fate.*



# Dramatis Personæ.

King Henry  
Dauphin,  
King of France,  
Princess Catherine,  
Harriet,  
Charlot,  
Duke of Exeter,  
Duke of York,  
Lord Scroop,  
Duke of Bourbon,  
Duke of Orleans,  
Earl of Cambridge,  
Sir Thomas Grey,  
French Officer,

Mr. Booth.  
Mr. Wilks.  
Mr. Thurmond.  
Mrs. Oldfield.  
Mrs. Thurmond.  
Mrs. Campbell.  
Mr. Mills.  
Mr. Cory.  
Mr. Williams.  
Mr. Bridgwater.  
Mr. Watson.  
Mr. Mills jun.  
Mr. Oates.  
Mr. Roberts.

*Guards, Attendants, &c.*

*King*



# *King HENRY the Fifth:*

O R,

## *The Conquest of France, by the English.*

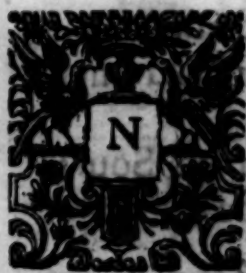
### ACT I. SCENE I.

*The English Camp, before Harfleur;*

*A Chair of State.*

*Enter, Exeter, York, Cambridge, Scroop, Grey.*

*EXETER.*



NOW, *France*, stand firm—See! where  
Great *Henry's* Hand,  
With thundering Summons, shakes the  
Gate of *Harfleur*,  
And rising War dawns horrible upon  
Thee!

*Cam.* Dreadfully footed on thy boastfull Shore,  
We feel thy trembling Genius bend beneath Us.

*Scroop.* Now, All the Youth of *England* are on Fire,  
And



2 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

And silken Dalliance sleeps in dusty Wardrobes;  
Now, thrive the Armourers; and Honour's Flame  
Burns in the Beating Breast of each rous'd Soldier.

*Gray.* Even the slow Rustick, fir'd by fierce Ex-  
ample,  
To buy the Horse, now sells the slighted Pasture.

*York.* O! noble Friends! now! now! our *England*  
shines!

Her shouting Cities pour their People forth,  
To aid their matchless King, with wing'd Desire:  
High in the Air sits wakefull Expectation,  
And covers a drawn Sword with Crowns, and Co-  
ronets,

Promis'd to *Henry*, and his glorious Followers.

*Scoop.* The *French*, alarm'd at our so swift Invasion,  
Shake, in their Fears; and, with pale Policy,  
Seek to divert our threatening Purposes!

Encourag'd, too, perhaps, by past Success,  
They hope to find some hollow Breast among Us:  
O *England*! Model to thy inward Greatness!

Thou little Body with a mighty Heart!

What might'st thou not attain, that Honour wishes,  
Were all thy Children kind, and natural!

Were all thy Subjects worthy their great King!

*Gray.* The Courses of our glorious Master's Youth  
Promis'd not This——

*Cam.* The Joy that's least expected blesses double.

*Exe.* The Breath no sooner left his Father's Body,  
But Wildness, mortify'd in Him, dy'd too;  
Sudden, and bright, in that one dazzling Moment,  
Consideration, like an Angel, came,  
And stript th'offending Darkness from his Soul;  
Never was such a sudden Scholar made;  
Never came Reformation, in a Flood,  
With such an heady Current, as in Him!

*York.* Hear him but reason in Divinity,  
And, All admiring, with a ravish'd Zeal,  
The pious Audience with their King a Prelate!

If he unravel the thick Web of Policy,  
The wond'ring Statesman speaks his Praise in Blushes:  
If He but talk of War, the List'ners hear  
A Battle's Terror, in the Charms of Musick;  
Soon as He speaks, the hurried Air grows calm,  
And dumb Amazement dwells on Every Ear!

*Exe.* How wond'rous was the Progress of these  
Virtues!

*Scroop.* So grows the Strawberry beneath the Nettle,  
And wholesome Berries thrive, and ripen best,  
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser Quality:  
Thus our wise King, obscuring Contemplation  
Under the borrow'd Veil of youthful Wildness,  
Grew, like the Summer-Grass, fastest by Night.

*Cam.* What Answer, think ye, will the King re-  
turn

To this *French* Embassy? the proffer'd Princess  
Wou'd hardly fail to stem the Tide of War,  
Wou'd They, with Her, give up some Provinces;  
But that vain Cavil of their *Salic* Law,  
He frown'd on, as 'twas urg'd!

*Exe.* He hears all gravely,  
And, now, retir'd, as is his constant Custom,  
In private, weighs their Words, and suits his Answer:  
See, where He comes, and smiles with awfull Good-  
ness!

*Omnes.* Health to Your Majesty.

*Enter King Henry, and sits.*

*K. Hen.* Uncle of *Exeter*! and faithful *York*!  
And You, Lord *Scroop*! *Cambridge*, and *Gray*! try'd  
Friends!

In whom a King may safely lodge Dependance!  
Concerning this new Plea, so warmly urg'd  
By these Embassadors? we pray You, tell Us,  
Why that fond *Salic* Law, they have in *France*,  
Or shou'd, or shou'd not, barr our Right of Claim?  
Be careful how You wrest, or bend, the Truth;  
Speak cautiously, and give us well-weigh'd Counsell.

4 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*Exe.* Clear is Your Title, as the Sun, dread Sovereign!

There is no seeming Spot to dim your Claim;  
For while they vainly plead this *Salic* Law,  
To bar your Race from urging female Right,  
Unmindfull, that their own three Royal Races,  
All, from the Female, drew th' imperial Sway,  
They hide them in a Net, to wrong Your Title.

*K. Hen.* What says th' experienc'd Duke of *York*  
to This?

*York.* A Truth so known can leave no Room for  
Doubt;

Fold not your bloody Ensigns, mighty Leader!  
Look back on your most fam'd of famous Ancestors,  
Who firm'd this envy'd Claim, You now pursue;  
And here, in *France*, o'erthrew all *France's* Power!  
Whilst his pleas'd Father, on a neighb'ring Hill,  
Hem'd with unbusied Squadrons, looking on,  
Stood smiling, conscious of the Worth, He gave.

*K. Hen.* Call in the *French* Ambassador; for, now  
We stand confirm'd yet more,—and, by Heaven's Help,  
And Yours, the noble Sinews of our Power,  
*France* being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,  
Or break it into Pieces;

*Enter the Duke of Bourbon, attended by French  
Officers.*

Not to answer  
The weak Objections, you have urg'd to-day,  
We wou'd be glad to hear that other Message,  
From our good Cousin *Dauphin*—He, w'are told,  
Has sent us rugged Greeting; pray ye speak it.

*Bour.* Please it Your Majesty to give me Leave,  
Freely to render what He gave in Charge?  
Or shall I, sparingly, show You, far off,  
The *Dauphin's* Meaning, softned o'er with Shadings?

*K. Hen.* We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,  
Our Passions are the Subjects of our Reason:  
Therefore with an uncurb'd, and vigorous Plainness,  
Speak



Speak out the *Dauphin's* Meaning.

*Bourb.* Thus then in Brief;  
Your Majesty, invading *France*, in Claim  
Of certain Dukedoms, which you call your Right,  
By your great Predecessor, the Third *Edward*;  
In Answer to this Hope, our Prince, the *Dauphin*,  
Says, that your Aim favours too much of Youth,  
And bids you be advis'd :—— There's Nought in  
*France*,

That with a nimble Galliard can be won;  
You cannot revel into Dukedoms, here!  
He therefore sends you, suited to your Spirit,  
A Tun of Treasure, and in Lieu thereof,  
He begs you let the Dukedomes, that you claim,  
Hear no more of you—This the *Dauphin* speaks.

*K. Hen.* What Treasure, Unkle?

*Exe.* Tennis-Balls, my Liege!

*K. Hen.* We are glad the *Dauphin* is so pleasant  
with us,

And that he feels his Country's Woe so lightly:  
We'll furnish fitter Balls e're long, than these,  
And, if he stands his Challenge, play a Sett,  
Shall strike his Father's Crown into the Hazard:  
He with mistaken Insult wrongs our Nature,  
Who, by our wild Days past, wou'd judge the Present:  
I have, 'tis true, in *England*, slept too long,  
And, with a Spendthrift's Rashness, wasted Fame;  
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,  
Look like a King, and spread my Sails of Greatness,  
When I have rows'd me in my Throne of *France*.

[*King rises.*

Your pleasant Prince will mourn this vain Reproach,  
When his proud Soul, charg'd with its rising Venge-  
ance,

Shall answer to the Widows, and the Orphans,  
Whose Husbands, and whose Fathers, falling Towers  
Shall bury quick beneath their batter'd Ruins;  
So get ye hence in Peace—Give 'em safe Conduct.

[*Exit Duke of Bourbon.*

6 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Now, gallant Friends! the Soul of *England* smiles;  
O! glorious *York*! Old as thou art, and drooping,  
Thy sleepy Spirits, rous'd by our Countrey's Honour,  
Start into Force, and snatch at future Action.

*Enter an Officer from the Town attended by French Soldiers.*

*Offic.* The Citizens of *Harfleur*, much distress'd,  
'Twixt Loyalty, and Danger, greet your Majesty.

*K. Hen.* How yet resolve They? As I am a Soldier,

A Name, that, in my Thoughts, becomes me best,  
If I am forc'd to finish but yon Battery,  
I'll bury your rash City in her Ashes;  
The Gates of Mercy shall be shut against Ye,  
And the flesh'd Soldier, rough, and hard of Heart,  
In Liberty of bloody Hand, shall range,  
With Conscience, wide as Hell:—What is't to Me,  
If then blind War, when you yourselves are Cause,  
Match his foul Actions to his smear'd Complexion?  
If your lov'd Infants shall be mow'd, like Grass,  
And your pure Virgins meet hot Violation?  
What Rein can hold licentious Wickedness,  
When, down the Hill he drives his fierce Career?  
Therefore, while yet the cool, and temperate Breeze  
Of Conduct overblows these Clouds of Rapine,  
Take Pity of your Town, and spare your People.

*Offic.* Their Expectation has this Day an End;  
The *Dauphin*, whom for Succour they entreated,  
Returns 'em, that his Powers are not yet ready;  
Therefore, Great King! they yield to your hop'd  
Mercy;

Enter their Gates, dispose of them and Theirs.

*K. Hen.* Stay, Seroop, and hold our Forces fit for Motion,

[*Exeunt (with the French and English Soldiers)*

*King Henry, Exeter, York.*

*Scr.* My Lord of *Cambridge*, and *Sir Thomas Gray*!  
It happens well, that we are thus together;

Our

Our Hope grows rich ! The *Dauphin* scruples nothing ;  
The Million of bright Gold, which we demanded,  
Whate'er we wish, is Ours, so *Henry* dies.

*Cambr.* My Letters speak the same.

*Gray.* And mine ; But tell me,  
Think ye not This too much ? This Death of *Henry* ?  
There, Treason seems to wear too deep a Grain !

*Cambr.* I cou'd be better pleas'd, were That ex-  
cus'd us.

Why shou'd it not suffice, that our Intelligence,  
Securely blasting all His fear'd Designs,  
Prevents the threatned Ill, and saves their Kingdom.

*Scr.* In Faith, my Friends ! these Doubts disgrace  
our Purpose.

The Man, who pauses in the Paths of Treason,  
Halts on a Quicksand, the first Stop engulphs Him !  
Why must I urge so oft your Wrongs by *Henry* ?  
Have you not Both been Sufferers ? — You, Lord  
*Cambridge* ?

Is not your Blood wrong'd ? *York's* great House de-  
thron'd ?

And your just Claim robb'd of a Crown, your Due ?  
What is a Cause, if this can fail to move you ?

*Sir Thomas Gray* ! — Why must I still remind you,  
What vile Indignities this *Henry's* Hate

Has heap'd upon your Person ! — He's my Friend !

My Bosom-Partner ! — Yet, like *Roman Brutus*,

I sacrifice his Love to Peace, and Liberty.

Why look You pale then ? and grow sick with Horror ?

He, who betrays a Prince, He fears to kill,

Like some rash Madman, holds a Lyon's Tail,

While the check'd Beast turns back in Rage, and  
tears Him.

*Cambr.* More than the Thoughts of Death I hate  
This *Henry*,

I hate his Name, his Race, his Interest, Person ;

To you, Lord *Scroop*, I lend a daring Will,

Point out the Means, and lead me at your Pleasure.



8 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*Gray.* I cannot love a Man, who loves not me;  
Thrice have I miss'd a Suit, I stoop'd to kneel for,  
And thrice seen Low-born Peasant Clowns supplant  
me;

Drudges in War! the brawny Works of Nature!  
Sturdy-limb'd Ruffians, fam'd for Fist, and Football;  
Broad-shoulder'd Rogues, strong-built to carry Armour,  
The humane Sumpter-Mules of haughty *Harry*!  
Fellows, whose Souls seem'd seated in their Stomachs!  
The Curse of Poverty involve my Fortune  
If I forget the Scorn, till I've reveng'd it.

*Scr.* To Night, assembled in my Tent, we'll weigh  
The fairest Means to reach the Point in View;  
Meanwhile—a Secret This! —You Both remember  
The lovely *Harriet*, my dead Brother's Daughter?

*Grey.* Alas! poor *Harriet*! she, too, owes much to  
*Henry*!—

The lawless Rover, e're his Father dy'd,  
While the griev'd Nation rung with his Debauches,  
Sullied your hapless Neice's Virgin Innocence.

*Scr.* But, tir'd, like some mean Prostitute, He left  
Her;

On poor Pretence, that, by his Father's Death,  
The Kingdom's Cares, reclining on his Breast,  
Must banish Softness thence. —So turn'd Her off  
Disgraceful, with the cold Consideration  
Of a vile Pension, which had she accepted,  
Had doubly punish'd Her in base Reward;  
A sharp Memento, to remind her daily,  
That even her Pride was owing to her Shame!

*Cambr.* Something, like This, Report brought  
scatter'd to Me;

I grieve to find it True—and hop'd it Slander;  
Th' unhappy Lady, doubtless, feels much Woe.

*Scr.* No Woe, my Lord! the Blood of *Scroop* dis-  
dains it;

Her Soul, too strong for Grief, boasts nobler Passions;  
Stung with the pointed Sense of Shame, and Scorn,  
She

She labours with Revenge, and aids my Plottings;  
Shading her Charms beneath a Boy's Appearance,  
She baffles the keen Eye of watchful Policy,  
And works out Wonders for the Cause, we strive in:  
Six Days are past, since I dispatch'd her hence  
To the *French* Camp, whence I expect Her hourly,  
With Notices of more than vulgar Import:  
My Lord, she comes—Perhaps 'twou'd be too sudden  
At once to greet Her with confess'd Detection;  
Please you a Moment to retire, and leave me,  
By gradual Preparation, to instruct Her,  
How safely she may trust you with her Story.

*Cambr.* The Caution is well weigh'd:

*Gray.* Pursue your Purpose.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, and Gray:*

*Enter Harriet.*

*Scr.* Welcome Thou guardian Genius of thy Country!  
Born to revenge thy own, and All our Wrongs!  
Welcome, as Peace to *Scroop*, or War to *Henry*.

*Har.* O, Uncle! must this Man for ever flourish?  
*Harfleur*, as I now pass'd, receiv'd him Conqueror:  
How long will he escape the Woes, he gives!  
When will he fall, and the wrong'd World have  
Justice?

But down, big Heart—to-morrow, from the *Dauphin*  
Your Hopes, I think, will all find happy End.

*Scr.* Saw you this peerless Pride of *France*, this  
*Catharine*?

Our Camp is fill'd with Rumours of her Beauty.

*Har.* Beauty? —by Heaven, there's Meaning in  
that Question,

And not in vain these *French* Embassadors  
Have urg'd the Match with *Catharine*—O! no sooner  
They spread the Net, than caught the willing Prey!  
This Traitor King, This Ruiner of Woman,  
Fir'd with her Praise, grows mad to have Her His;  
More so undo me, He wou'd blast Himself;  
To heap more Shame, more Misery on my Head,

Wou'd

10 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Wou'd meanly wed his Country's Enemy,  
And lull a Wife to Sleep with my curst Story:

*Scr.* Quiet the jealous Fiend, that starts within  
Thee,

And quell these furious Sallies of thy Soul:  
There is some Reason in thy Fears, but none  
In thy wild Transports.

*Har.* Reason? — I detest it—

'Tis that, which gives an Edge to all my Sufferings!  
Am I not lost, disgrac'd, forsaken, scorn'd?  
And owe I not this Ruin to my Love?  
Has not the Man, I doted on, destroy'd me?  
He, for whose sake I had no Ear for Honour!  
Has he not left me, like a common Creature,  
And paid me, like a Prostitute? — Death find Him!  
Has he not offer'd me a sawcy Pension,  
Told out the Hire of Infamy? and judg'd  
Wealth an Equivalent for my Undoing?  
Has he not dar'd all This? —and does He now,  
While my Disgrace is new, freshblown, and flagrant,  
Now, does he think to live, and wed another!  
Calm? No—Let Cottage Fools, with helpless Sighs,  
Bewail their ruin'd Innocence—My Soul,  
Full charg'd with Hate, and Pride, breaks out in  
Passion,

Bold, as my Wrongs, and dreadfull, as my Purpose.

*Scr.* At least be moderate, till—

*Har.* Touch me not—

For there's a Flame, that blazes round my Heart,  
Will catch, and burn You up, like Fire-touch'd Flax;  
Wou'd You be heard with Patience, reach my Fury,  
Instruct my Wishes; Let me learn a Way,  
To leave my outstript Will behind my Vengeance;  
Teach me to hunt him thro' the Night's still Dreams;  
To pinch his Soul with Woe, his Heart with Pain,  
To rack his restless Thoughts with Discontent,  
To wear away his Life in endless Agony,  
And feast upon the Joy of his Destruction:

*Scr.*



*Scr.* Retire, where, less observ'd, I may convince  
Thee,

That this new-offer'd Match is yet an Embrio;  
Is yet rejected, and, perhaps, dislik'd!  
For I but doubt from some dark Words of *Henry's*,  
What You, with wild Excess of Fear, confirming,  
With needless Rage perplex your hurried Soul,  
And drive th' unwilling Torment thro' Your Bosom:

*Har.* And was it only Doubt then?—Pardon me,  
In generous Pity of my lost Condition!  
Who that is wrong'd like me, can sit down tamely,  
And, with dull Goodness, bless th' Undoer's Wishes?  
You have forgiv'n me—but the barb'rous World  
Meet me with speaking Eyes, and silent Scorn;  
The balefull Brow of each proud Girl upbraids me;  
Where-e'er I go, some new-born Anguish finds me;  
And, when I strive to drown the hated Memory  
Of my past Guilt, some keen Reproach, unmeant,  
Strikes on the jarring String, untunes my Soul,  
And rouses the pale Image of my Shame;  
Heaven! must the Traytor Man pursue our Sex,  
With restless Artifice, and labour'd Vileness;  
Hunt us thro' all the Wiles, and Turns of Caution,  
'Till tir'd with vain Defence, his Snares surround us;  
And shall he, then, when, pitying his feign'd Torments,  
We give Him up our All——shall he then shun us?  
With cold Disdain, or curst Indifference,  
Repay the Fierceness of a Flame, he rais'd?  
And shall we not revenge the Traitor's Falshood?  
Religion never spoke it——Only Saints,  
And cool-soul'd Hermits, mortify'd with Care,  
And bent by Age, and Palfies, whine out Maxims,  
Which their brisk Youth had blush'd at.

*Scroop.* Gentle *Harriet*!

No more—the Means are ripe'ning for a Purpose,  
Which, once successfull, will repay thy Sorrows  
Back on his Head, who caus'd them;—Thou shalt  
have Means

To

12 *King HENRY the Fifth : Or,*

To attend *Exeter* to the *French* Camp;  
There, furthering our Intent, as I'll instruct Thee,  
Crown wish'd Revenge, and disappoint this Marriage.

*Har.* O! Uncle, you are wise, and shall conduct  
me ;

Lost as I am, I dare beyond my Sex :  
Danger is scorn'd, when Life becomes a Burthen ;  
And yet, my Soul, impartially severe,  
Say, what but thy own Weakness caus'd this Ruin ?

Cou'd Women be, at once, in Love, and wise,  
And drive the Telltale Softness from their Eyes ;  
Th' encourag'd Tempter cou'd not, then, betray,  
Aw'd by cold Looks, those Rubs in Passion's way ;  
Then All his Arts wou'd sooth our Sex in vain,  
Nor Hours of Bliss be paid with Years of Pain.

*End of the first Act.*



ACT



## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The French Camp.*

*King of France, Dauphin, Duke of Orleans,  
as in Councill.*

FRENCH KING.

COUSIN of Orleans, is their March confirm'd?  
Orl. 'Tis certain they have pass'd the River  
*Soam,*

And Fear may teach us, from our late Examples,  
That we can never be too provident;  
For *England* her Approaches makes, as fierce,  
As Currents to the sucking of a Gulph.

*Dau.* That we so timely arm'd was well advis'd,  
For Peace itself shou'd never sleep so soundly,  
Tho' no fear'd War, or Quarrel, were in Question,  
But that Defence, and warlike Preparation,  
Shou'd, at due Distance, awe the Eye of Boldness:  
The present Cause, however, gives no Fear,  
For Harebrain'd *England* is so idly King'd,  
Her Scepter so fantastically borne,  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous, Youth,  
That Danger dwells not in her Menaces.

Orl. I doubt, Prince *Dauphin!* we mistake this  
King;

Question your Grace the late Embassadors,  
With what grave State he heard, and answer'd them:  
How well supply'd with noble Councillours,  
How cautious in Exception; but, withal,

How



14 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

How terrible in constant Resolution!

And You shall find, his youthful Vanities

But cloath'd Discretion with a Coat of Folly;

As skilful Gard'ners thickest earth the Plants,

Which shou'd, first, shoor, and rise most delicate.

*Dau.* Well! 'tis scarce so, my Lord of Orleans!

But let us think it so, it is no matter!

In Causes of Defence, 'tis best to weigh

The Enemy, more mighty, than he seems.

*Fr. King.* Be it as 'twill; think we King Harry  
strong;

And, Princes! look, ye strongly arm, to meet him;

The Kindred of Him have been flesh'd upon us;

And He is bred out of that bloody Strain,

That haunted us in our familiar Paths:

Witness our much too memorable Shame,

When mangled France groan'd loud, at Cressy's Field,

And Horror, circling thence, o'ersadow'd All.

*Enter Duke of Bourbon.*

*Bour.* The Duke of Exeter, from England's King,  
Asks Audience of Your Majesty.

*Fr. King.* Say, Cousin Bourbon, how near our Camp  
they lie?

*Bour.* So near, that Exeter this Morning left 'em.

*Fr. King.* You see, this Chace is hotly follow'd,  
Friends!

*Dau.* Turn Head, and stop Pursuit then—— Cow-  
ard Dogs

Most spend their Mouths when, what they threat-  
en, runs

Farthest before them—— Good my Sovereign!

Take up the English short, and let them know

Of what a Monarchy You are the Head;

Self-Love was never half so vile a Sin,

As Self-neglecting;—If they be not fought withall,

Let us not live in France; Let us quit All,

And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

*Fr. King.* 'Tis strange, methinks, that a few Sprays  
of us, Our

Our Syens on a wild, and savage Stock,  
Shou'd shoot thus suddenly into the Clouds,  
And overtop their Grafters.

*Bour. Bastard Normans!*

Death to the Fatme of *France*, if they march on,  
And are not met, and fought, I'll sell my Dukedom.

*Fr. King.* Admit the Duke: We'll give him present Audience. [Exit Bourbon.

*Dau.* Shame of Arms!

Whence is it that these *English* have their Mettle?  
Is not their Climate foggy, raw, and dull?  
Does not the Sun, in spite, look pale upon them?  
Can their boil'd Water, muddy Barley Broth,  
Inspire their Blood with such a warlike Heat?  
And shall ours, spirited with Wine, be frosty?  
Oh! for the Honour of our blushing Country!  
Let us not hang like roping Isicles,  
Fix'd to our House's Thatch, while this cold People  
Sweat in our Sun, and fatten on our Shame.

*Fr. King.* Be not too rash——a Kingdom's Care  
requires

Sedate Advice, and cool Resolves, in Danger.

*Dau.* Your Pardon, Royal Sir! by Faith, and Honour,

Our Madams mock us, and, in plain Terms, say,  
Our Mettle is worn out; and that these *English*,  
Men of more promising, and active Mould,  
Must new-store *France* with bastard Warriours;  
They bid us to the *English* dancing Schools,  
And teach *la Valtà's* high, and swift *Curranto's*:  
For all our Grace, they say, is in our Heels,  
And that we are most lofty Runaways!

*Enter Duke of Exeter, conducted by Bourbon, attended  
by Harriet, and other English.*

*Fr. King.* What would our Brother of *England*?

*Exe.* He greets You, Sir;

And wills You to divest your borrow'd Glories;  
Namely the Crown, and all the wide-stretch'd Honours,  
Annex'd

16 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Annex'd by Custom, and the Growth of Time,  
To the fam'd Throne of *France*, with all her Duke-  
doms;

And that you may not stile it an old Claim,  
From the dry Dust of dark Oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable Line;  
There, when you have o'erlook'd his Pedigree,  
From the Third *Edward* evenly deriv'd,  
He, from your Justice, hopes the Resignation  
Of your large Kingdom, indirectly held  
From Him, the Native, and True Challenger:  
This is His Claim, and here my Purpose ends,  
Unless the *Dauphin* be in Presence——To Him  
I bring a separate Greeting.

*Dau.* For the *Dauphin*

I stand to answer;——What to Him from *England*?

*Exe.* Defiance, slight Regard, Contempt, or any  
Thing,

Which may not misbecome the mighty Sender;  
If, by the Grant of all Demands at large,  
You not atone your late presumptuous Insult,  
He'll call You to so hot an Answer of it,  
That *France* shall tremble for Her Prince's Folly.

*Dau.* Tell the too Proud Invader, that our Arms  
Cou'd, at lost *Harfleur's* Gate, have check'd his Rash-  
ness;

But 'tis held wise to wait an Injury's Ripeness——  
And then to bruise it——*Harry's* a Man of Health,  
But his poor Realm will sicken at this War,  
And his Exchequer die of a Consumption,  
Catch'd, in repaying *France* her little Losses.

*Exe.* There let it rest---our King in Person comes.  
Act as you speak, and he'll forgive you all.

*Fr. King.* We will in Counsell weigh th' important  
Message,

And you shall be dispatch'd with fair Conditions.

[*Exeunt Omnes, but the Dauphin, and Harriet.*

*Dau.*



*Dau.* What new Discovery makes the friendly *Scroop*,  
That brings my little *Hermes* back so suddenly?

*Har.* Great Prince, your *English* Friends commend  
them to you:

The Gold, your Bounty's Pledge, they have receiv'd,  
And, with due Thanks, accept the Princely Favour;  
Warmly inspir'd with Zeal for Peace, and You:  
Their earnest Care is bless'd, by full Detection  
Of a base Plot, to shake your Country's Quiet,  
With the deceitful Hand of feign'd Accord.

*Dau.* Come to my Arms, thou more than manly  
Spirit!

Dress'd in a Woman's Softness! why, Thou Charmer!  
Thou Angel of a Traitor! what a Treasure  
Of Honour and Reward does All *France* owe Thee!

Say, my *Endymion*! my *Adonis*! tell me,  
What wou'd thy Country do?—Can *Englishmen*  
Be Plotters?—Policy, and They, of old,  
Convers'd, like Strangers; Good, rough, heavy  
Meanings,

Plain Truths, and sturdy Blows, were what they  
dealt in;

If they turn Statesmen, 'twill, indeed, concern us.

*Har.* I am to urge your Highness's Consent,  
That you wou'd hear my Message in the Presence  
Of your illustrious Sister.

*Dau.* My Sister? Does it then concern the Mar-  
riage?

*Har.* It does surprizingly.

*Dau.* By Heaven, it pleases me; I'll bring Thee  
to Her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Princess's Pavilion.

*The Princess, and Charlot.*

*Prin.* No, no, my *Charlot*! I disdain the Motive;  
Love is a Flame, too bright, too clear, to burn

18 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

As Interests bids it ;—What imports it me,  
That coward *France* can shake at sudden Danger?  
What are my Father's Fears to my Affections?  
Shall I, because this hotbrain'd King of *England*  
Sweeps o'er our Land with War, and Devastation,  
Shall I, for That, grow fond of the Destroyer?  
Smile at the Waste of his unpunish'd Insolence,  
Throw myself Headlong into hostile Arms,  
And sell my Peace of Mind, to save my Country?  
Rather shall Death possess me, than this *Harry*.

*Char.* O! who can blame you for so just an Anger!  
How could your Royal Father think such Ruin?  
Such Blasts to nip your Joy?—what! cross the Ocean,  
To waste your lovely Youth in a cold Island,  
Cloudy, and dull! cut off from all Mankind,  
Stormy, and various, as the People's Temper!  
While the wide Continent is fill'd with Kings,  
Who court your Beauty, and wou'd die to please you.

*Prin.* Am I, because they call my Father Sovereign,  
To be the Slave, the Property, of *France*?  
Can nothing buy their Peace, but my Undoing?  
How nobler were it to quell Rage with Fury!  
In Arms to check the bold Invader's Pride,  
Meet Storm with Storm, and buckle in a Whirlwind?  
Then, if the dire Event swept me away,  
My Ruin, tho' 'twere dreadful, would be glorious:  
But to hold out a Proffer of my Person,  
Poorly, and at a Distance! Hang me out,  
Like a shook Flagg of Truce!—oh! 'tis a Meanness,  
That shames Ambition, and makes Pride look pale!  
Where is the boasted Strength of Manhood, now?  
Sooner than stoop to This, were mine the Scepter,  
I wou'd turn *Amazon*; — My Softness hid  
In glittering Steel, and my plum'd Helmet nodding  
With terrible Adornment, I wou'd meet  
This *Henry* with a Flame more fierce than Love:

*Enter*

*Enter Dauphin and Harriet.*

*Dau.* How's this, my Sister? Fir'd with Rage, and Menace?

What hapless Object has inspir'd this Transport?

*Prin.* The Kingdom, Brother; Is it then a wonder, That I, with due Disdain, receive the News, That I am doom'd your Victim?

*Dau.* You have Reason, 'Tis on that Subject, I would gladly speak, And wish your private Ear. [Exit Charlot.]

*Dau.* This gentle Youth, Th' experienc'd Friend of *France*, brings some Discovery,

Which nearly touching your lov'd Interest, moves me To hear th' important Message in your Presence.

*Har.* Oh! matchless Pattern of imperial Beauty! That Heaven, that gave you Charms, protects 'em strongly:

Your Royal Father, the known Friend of Peace, Still nobly anxious for his Country's Safety, Sent a late Embassy, and offer'd *You*: You, fam'd for Beauty! You, much more a Princess By your distinguish'd Charms, than by your Birth.

*Prin.* 'Tis well, young Orator! Flattery, I find, Is of your Island's Growth; so warm a Vice Cou'd not, I thought, have brook'd so raw a Climate.

*Dau.* On with thy Tale;—If Flattery is a Sin, Her Mercy has been taught to give it Pardon.

*Har.* I need not tell you, how our stubborn Monarch, Safe in blind Distance, and a Stranger yet To those all-conquering Eyes, refus'd the Offer; Refus'd a Gem, whose countless Value, known, Will make Refusal its own Punishment:

Yet 'twas refus'd.—But when th' Ambassadors Were, with severe Defiance, sent away,

*Henry* a sudden Council call'd together; In which, forgetful of his boasted Plainness,

That open, honest, Heart, he would lay Claim to:



He told his Lords, and gain'd their joint Concurrence,  
That, when advanc'd still farther into *France*,  
When Fire, and Sword shou'd spread his Fame be-  
fore Him,

Means wou'd be found to close with courted Peace,  
And wed the Princess with improv'd Conditions;  
'Tis true, he cry'd, I hate Her, for her Race,  
But what has Love to do in Prince's Weddings?  
The Match will serve to lull their Arms asleep;  
And, when that fair Occasion smiles upon me,  
I'll seize th' unguarded Kingdom——

*Dau.* Why, 'tis well!

Forewarn'd by this Intelligence, we'll match Him  
With Treasons, which become a Man's Designing:  
He weaves the Web too coarse; not every Will  
Is fram'd for Mischief—Policy requires  
Spirit, and Thought! mere Blood and Bone can't  
reach it.

*Prin.* You, Brother, may content yourself with  
That;

But I not brook so well the Shame design'd me;  
I am, on Both Sides, then, the Toy of State!  
One King's Condition, and the other's Engine!  
The Tool, which *Harry's* Treason is to work with!  
Whence shall I borrow Rage to speak my Anger?  
O! aid me, all ye Stings of Indignation!  
Lend me thy Gall, thou bitter-hearted Jealousy!  
And every Fury, that can *lash*, assist me!  
What will my Peacefull Father say to this?  
Yes! He has chosen nobly for his Daughter!  
*Charles* has a generous Son-in-Law in *Harry*:  
O *France*! what lazy Frost has chill'd your Blood?  
Where is that Pride of Arms, that boasted Courage,  
Which your vain Tongues are swell'd with?—Where's  
the Soul,  
That, in the warlike *Gauls*, your glorious Ancestors!  
Shook the proud World, and sham'd the *Roman*  
*Cæsars*?

If there remains the Shadow of past Glory,  
If any Spark yet glimmers in your Breasts,  
Of your once furious Fire, Go, down upon Him;  
Scatter his Army, like the Wind-driven Sands,  
Seize him alive, and bring him me a Prisoner.

*Dauph.* Prithee, no more of this vain, Woman's,  
Raving;

What we can do, we will: —But, for the Marriage;  
Spite of this new-given Argument, I fear,  
My Father's Love of Peace will force it forward.

*Prin.* Sooner shall the two Kingdoms join their  
Cliffs,

And, rushing with a sudden Bound, together,  
Dash the dividing Sea, to wash the Clouds.

*Har.* What I have said, Your Highnesses will hold  
As a fair Proof, however else unwelcome,  
That you have watchful Agents;—well they know  
The faithless *Henry's* Love of Change, and Roving;  
And, when they thought, with Pity, on the Crowds,  
The countless Crowds, of Beautys, He has ruin'd,  
Then scorn'd, and left, for new ones, they grew sad,  
And, sighing, told each other, 'twere a Shame,  
The lovely Princess shou'd be match'd so ill!

*Enter Duke of Bourbon.*

*Bour.* Prince *Dauphin*! our Designs miscarry widely;  
Your needful Presence, only, can support us:  
The King, hem'd in with cringing Parasites,  
Debates, what Answer shou'd be sent to *Henry*:  
And seems determin'd to propose an Interview  
With *England's* King, a shameful Interview!  
To urge this Match!

*Har.* O, Madam, strive to cross it;  
Or you are lost for ever! —*Henry's* Eye,  
Shou'd he once see You, will reform his Will,  
And he'll forego the Crown, to conquer You.

*Dauph.* Tarry, till I return, with swift Instruction,  
What Answer you shall bear our *English* Friends.

[*Exeunt Dauphin and Bourbon.*

22 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*Prin.* —What! and no more, than so? gone thus,  
and left me

Distracted, unassur'd, and torn with Terrors?

O! perish all the wily Aims of Policy!

These Statesmen's Craft confounds the tortur'd World:

And Truth, and Innocence, are hunted by them.

O! hard Condition ours! twin-born with Greatness!

What infinite Heart's Ease does high Birth lose,

That the low World enjoys! —and what boast we,

Save Ceremony, which low Life has not too?

And, what art Thou? thou, Idol Ceremony?

What else, but Place? Degree? and empty Form?

What drink'st thou of, instead of Homage sweet,

But poison'd Flattery? —O! be sick, vain Greatness,

And bid thy Ceremony give thee Cure?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the Beggar's Knee,

Command the Health of it? —No, thou proud Dream!

Laid in thy high-rais'd, and majestick Bed,

Thou sleep'st less soundly, than the wretched Slave;

Who, with full Body, and a vacant Mind,

Gets him to Rest, cram'd with distressful Bread,

Never sees horrid Night, that Child of Hell!

But sweats in the Sun's Eye, from Rise to Set,

And follows so the ever-rolling Year,

With profitable Labour to his Grave!

And, but for Ceremony, such a Wretch,

Winding up Days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,

Has greatly the Advantage of a King!

But I neglect the Stranger—Gentle Youth!

Forgive me, that my Sorrows, breaking o'er me,

Half drown'd Remembrance of the Thanks, I owe

You;

Why look you sad? —does any Grief oppress you?

*Har.* Alas! great Princess! Grief, and I, have, long

Too long! been join'd—Perhaps, 'twou'd tire your

Ear,

To amuse you with a Tale of private Woe;

Else, I cou'd melt your Pity into Tears,

And



And force some Sighs, to honour my Distresses:  
I have a Sister—Ah! no—I *had* a Sister!  
Whom flattering Lovers call'd her Sex's Wonder!  
Deceitfull *Henry* saw, and, seeing, lov'd Her:  
He knelt—he swore—he pray'd—he sigh'd—he  
threatned——

Like Heaven, he promis'd Joys, beyond expressing:  
My Sister, long resisting, felt, at last,  
The rising Passion swell her struggling Soul;  
The kindled Fire grew stronger by Resistance,  
And warm'd her slow Desire to yielding Ruin:  
There broke the Charm——the fancied Treasure  
vanish'd,

And bitter Penitence, and conscious Guilt,  
Became the gnawing Vultures of her Bosom;  
The treacherous Prince no longer vow'd a Passion,  
But basely shun'd the Wretchedness, he caus'd.

*Prin.* See if the tender Creature does not weep!  
Alas! thy mournful Story fills my Heart,  
With Grief, almost as powerfull as thy own;  
Trust me, 'twas base in *Henry*, thus to leave Her.

*Har.* O, Princess! He's a general, known, De-  
ceiver!

Far may your Fate divide you from his Wiles!  
I cou'd swell Time, and wear away the Sun,  
In dismal Stories of his perjur'd Loves.

*Re-enter the Dauphin.*

*Dau.* Curses unnumber'd blast the cank'ry Breath  
Of yon vile Sycophants!——I came too late;  
The mean Resolve was past;—My Arts prevail'd not:  
The two Kings meet, and all my Hopes are Air.

*Har.* Something must be resolv'd, that may pre-  
vent

This dangerous Treaty, or you're lost for ever.

*Dau.* Fear not, I'll manage All to our Advan-  
tage;  
But let us waste no Moments;—Here, within,  
I will instruct you further in my Purpose,

Now Fortune aid me, and inspire my Soul  
 With Force, these peaceful Counsels to controul;  
 Meekness, tho' wise, sits, tottering, on a Throne,  
 And suffering Kingdoms King's false Steps attone;  
 In me let *France* her ancient Fire resume,  
 Or crush me nobly in my Country's Doom.

*End of the Second Act.*



ACT



## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A French Pavilion.**Princess, and Charlot.*

PRINCESS.

O, *Charlot!* how will this new Tryal shake me!  
 What shall I do to arm my threaten'd Mind  
 Against th' Assaults of Madness?— Tyrant Duty!  
 Why are thy Laws so binding?— If Obedience  
 Must thus be blind, then, sure! Command shou'd see  
 With Eagle-Ey'd Discernment!— Unkingly Fa-  
 ther!

As if, to offer me, were Shame too gentle,  
 Curse on the blushful Thought!— I'll go to meet  
 him!

Meanly obtrude my self upon his Scorn,  
 And hear the Bargain of my Price debated!  
 Is this to be a Princess? Perish Pride!  
 Oh let my base Example teach the Humble,  
 How happy 'tis to stand below Ambition.

*Char.* Were my poor Counsell worthy Your At-  
 tention,

There's yet a Way, perhaps, to move the King;  
 His Tenderness is Equal to his Fear,  
 And may be mov'd to counterpoize Your Danger:  
 Disclose, with speaking Tears, the fatal Secret;  
 Tell him, how All Your Heart, already fill'd,  
 Has Room for no new Comer.

*Prin.* Art thou mad?

That were a dreadful Means to wound me deeper:

The



26 King HENRY the Fifth: Or,

The Pride of State wou'd then new-fire his Anger,  
And I, by Force, driv'n on, to wed this Monster,  
This fighting Dæmon in the Dress of Royalty!  
Shou'd lose all Hope once more to see the Stranger,  
The lovely, unknown, Conqueror!——whose Ad-  
dresses,

Whose, not to be describ'd, unnam'd, Perfections,  
Twelve long Months since first charm'd my list'ning  
Soul,

Spite of unequal Birth, to wish him mine,  
And even tho' hated *England* gave him Being.

*Char.* There I have something new, to warm Your  
Hope with:

Led, by kind Chance, among the shining Train  
Of *English* Youth, who came with *Exeter*,  
Occasion gave me Scope to form some Questions,  
Which pass'd as an unmeaning Love of Novelty:  
I ask'd what Cavalier, some twelve Months since,  
Glitt'ring with Gems, outshone by his Behaviour,  
Came with the Earl of *Westmorland* to *France*;  
Was call'd his Nephew, thrice appear'd at Court,  
Then vanish'd, on Pretence of further Travel:  
By this Description, All, at once, agreed,  
That *Owen Tudor* was the Person meant;  
And lavish'd Hours of Rhetoric in his Praises.

*Prin.* Alas! did I not know all This before?  
*England* boasts no such Charmer, but her *Tudor*!  
This is not, what I hop'd, from thy Beginning.

*Char.* I further learnt, that *Tudor's* Birth is such,  
As may entitle Him to Royal Love;  
That fear'd Objection is of Force no longer,  
When Your great Father shall perceive Your Flame,  
Burning, undimn'd, for an Imperial Off-spring,  
Deriv'd from a long Line of *Britain's* Kings.

*Prin.* Ay! this indeed strikes Lustre thro' my Sor-  
rows!

There's Promise in this Hope—O! gentle *Charlot*!  
Secret, as Death, conceal the dear Intelligence,

As a last Prop to my endanger'd Passion:  
Now, will I boldly meet this Champion Lover!  
This courtly Sir—who woo's in War, and Thunder!

*Enter Dauphin.*

So, Brother, will the King consent to spare me?  
Or must I stoop to see this shamefull Interview?

*Dau.* You must excite Your Spirits to Your Aid,  
And bid a bold Defyance to Your Blushes;  
I've try'd all Arts, in vain, that Reason teaches.  
Come!—I must guide You to the Lists of Love,  
And You must teach Your Charms new Ways of  
Wounding:

The King will have Your Beauty take the Field,  
And does not fear, he says, but You can conquer!—  
Him, whom our Armies fly from, You must face.

*Prin.* Yes—I will go; but not, as He expects  
me,  
I'll face this Foe of France; like France's Daughter!  
The Woes of Ruin overtake those Reptiles,  
Whose dronish Souls, bent under Age, or Fear,  
Have thus misled their Master!—Yes, my Eyes  
Shall dart keen Glances—but the Wounds, they  
give,  
Shall be of Shame, not Love—

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

*Dau.* Hark! That shrill Trumpet's Notice summons Us!

Now, Sister! rouse your Gall; and loose those  
Storms,

Those restless Tempests, which, provok'd, by Scorn,  
Whirl, with impatient Rage, round Woman's Soul:  
Fearless, defend the Freedom of Your Choice,  
And, with bold Innocence, assert Your Hate;  
I'll watch the rising Moments of Occasion;  
And aid Your glorious Purpose, all I can:

Come—Let us dare the Brink of this rude Precipice,  
Which, cutting off our Way, must stop our Journey;  
Or, being bravely leapt, make Safety honourable.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Barrier, on a Bridge,  
*Trumpets from Both Sides:*

*Enter, on one Part, the French King, on the Bridge, attended by the Dukes of Orleans, and Bourbon, &c. below:— On the other Side of the Bridge, King Henry, with the Dukes of Exeter, and York, Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray, below:*

*[The Kings Embrace over the Bar.]*

*Fr. King.* The Peace, we wish for, smile upon this Meeting!

Health, and the Joys of a long happy Life  
 To our lov'd Brother *England!*—Right glad we are  
 Thus to behold Your Face; Bless'd be the Issue  
 Of this good Day! that these contending Kingdoms,  
*England*, and neighb'ring *France!* whose Chalky  
 Shores

Look pale with Envy, at Each other's Happiness,  
 May, henceforth, cease their Hate, and plant Accord!  
 'Till War no more advance her bleeding Sword,  
 To prey on Strife between them!

*K. Henry.* To This, Amen!

*Fr. King.* Since we thus meet You, let it not disgrace me,

If I demand th' Impediment, why Peace,  
 Dear Nurse of Arts! shou'd not in this best Garden  
 Of the fair World, lift up her lovely Visage?  
 Too plain, alas! the Marks of her short Absence!  
 Our Vine, the merry Chearer of the Heart,  
 Withers, unprun'd;—Our Hedges, shooting wild,  
 Like careless Pris'ners, overgrown with Hair,  
 Thrust forth disorder'd Twigs; Darnel, and Hemlock,  
 Root on our fallow Lays, and, springing thick,  
 Beneath their Shade, hide the neglected Culter.

*K. Hen.* Not for Delight in Blood have we thus far  
 Advanc'd our Standard in the Eye of *France*;  
 Our deep-laid Purpose boasts a nobler Meaning:

The



The Eye of Kings shou'd watch their People's Safety :  
And Ill shou'd I discharge the Trust, Heaven leads me,  
If, sleeping o'er the Wrongs, You do my Country,  
I not demanded back the Power, You hold,  
And turn, with threatening Point, against our Bosom.

*Fr. King.* Of this, already, we have let You know  
Our Thoughts, and Purpose; --- It remains, to weigh,  
If, by wide differing Means, we may not reach  
The End, we jointly aim at? --- Many Arrows  
Come to one Mark; Far distant Rivers flow  
Ten thousand Ways, yet meet in one main Sea!  
How many Lines close in the Dial's Center!  
So, may our various Purposes, at last,  
Meet, in one fix'd Resolve, and please us Both.

*Enter the Dauphin on the Bridge, leading the Princess in  
a Veil, attended by Charlot.*

Our Son, the *Dauphin*, has, we hear, of late,  
Fir'd with the first warm Flash of Provocation,  
Return'd Defiance, with too fierce a Throw;  
Young Blood will boil; -- and You, so fam'd for Courage,  
Will weigh That Error light; -- Receive Him, Brother,  
As one, who wishes Peace, and seeks Your Love.

*[Presenting the Dauphin.]*

*Dau.* Sir! Kings, and Fathers, claim a double Right  
*[To King Henry.]*

To tax our Duty; and will be obey'd;  
I wou'd have met you with a warmer Grasp,  
Had *France* been held by me; but since His Will,  
Who governs mine, holds back the Edge of War,  
And wou'd reach Peace, by Roads, less sharp, and rugged,  
I greet your Royal Presence; and submit  
To Measures, which I cannot, yet, approve.

*K. Hen.* Approve is mine -- I'm yet your Debtor, Sir,  
But purpose to repay the Favour soon;  
The Time is near, when you, perchance, may feel,  
That wise Defiance should be arm'd with Safety,  
And Fierceness, wanting Strength, but gnaws herself.

*Dau.* When That wish'd Time ---

*Fr. King.*

30 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*Fr. King.* Our Son, reply no more;  
Daughter! Your Hand.

*Prin.* Your Pardon, Royal Sir! if I offend,  
Or seem to wrong the Promise of my Duty!  
I came in forc'd Obedience to Your Will,  
To attend this Interview;—But if your Majesty  
Permits me to declare my secret Thoughts  
Of *England's* King, our publick Enemy;  
Then, let that Duty, which I owe my Country,  
Inspire me to confess, what fix'd Aversion,  
What rooted Hatred, Nature bids me bear  
To Him, of all Mankind, the most abhorr'd;  
Who brings Destruction on to mark his Way,  
And woo's the Daughter, with the Father's Ruin.

*Dau.* Bravely declar'd, thou Sister of my Soul!

[*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* Sorry we ought to be, that War's Offences  
Have made the Fair our Foe; — You are an Enemy,  
Whom we, spite of Your being such, can fear!

*Prin.* Oh my high beating Heart! 'tis *Tudor's* Voice!

*K. Hen.* In vain you shade Your Charms — That  
lovely Face,

Hid, as it is, remains no Stranger to us;  
We wear Your Image, Lady! on our Heart.

*Prin.* 'Tis He! — 'Tis *Tudor*! — O! amazing Chance!

[*Aside.*

Where slept my Soul, that, at our first Approach,  
It flew not forth to meet him? — Support me, *Charlot*,  
A sudden Mist dances before my Eyes.

O, *Charlot*! This is He! Whom we thought *Tudor*  
[*To Charlot.*

Was Royal *Henry*! What a Chance is This?

Let me lean on Thee to devour his Accents,  
And gaze him thro' at every word, He speaks!

*K. Hen.* Drawn by the soft Remembrance of Your  
Charms,

Which, in my late-lost Father's Days, I saw,  
When, at Your Court, I was a Guest unknown;  
In Honour, Madam! of your hostile Beauty,

I stop

I stopt th' impetuous Progress of my Arms!  
 Rein'd in the Vigour of impatient War,  
 And wasted Fortune's Smiles, to gain this Meeting:  
 If I, now, listen to the Voice of Peace,  
 Whence must it come, but from the Call of Love?  
 When You, fair Foe! shall try your wondrous Power,  
 I cannot promise Fame t'oppose Your Will;  
 The healing Sweetness of your soft Command,  
 Spread o'er your rescued Land, might quiet War;  
 Might, like sweet Musick's Influence, fill Your Air;  
 Might bid loud Discord die away, before it,  
 And drown th' inspiring Trumpet's shrill Alarms.

*Prin.* Foe, as you are to France, there shines, methinks,

A kind of manly Merit in Your Meaning;  
 Something! I know not what, that Courage charms with,

Wakes my Discernment to admire Your Worth:  
 And, spite of my Resentment, bids me greet You:  
 Bow to Your Virtues, and confess Your Glory:  
 Cou'd my Desires incline Your Wills to Peace,  
 The unbrac'd Drum shou'd sleep, and the glad Trumpet  
 Fall its fierce Hoarseness, and inspire Delight;  
 All shou'd be calm, and while th' unruffled Kingdoms  
 Hush down the troubled Swell of dying Strife,  
 France shou'd no more, in her torn Bowels, feel  
 The strong Convulsions, which she shakes with, now.

*Fr. King.* Why, that's well said---So speaks the Sex's Softness;

Your gentle Natures were not fram'd for Discord.

*Dau.* Sister! That Mist you talk'd of, has, I doubt,  
 Risen o'er Your Senses, and obscur'd Your Memory.  
 Sir! on my Knees, since your too gracious Nature

[to the *Fr. King.*

Stands bent to Quiet, and o'ervalues Danger;  
 I beg Permission to unfold a Notice;  
 The welcome Import of whose smiling Promise  
 May rouse Your Royal Soul, to change its Purpose.

*Fr. King.*



32 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*Fr. King.* Rise, and, with all just Freedom, speak  
your Meaning.

*Dau.* Even now, as I approach'd your Royal Pre-  
sence,

Posts, from our several Camps, have brought Intelli-  
gence,

That these rash *English* are enclos'd betwixt us;  
Full sixty thousand *French*, this Night, surround 'em!  
Yet, at this glorious Juncture, we submit  
To lose, in Treaty, what is ours by Arms.

*K. Hen.* Enjoy, unenvy'd, that imagin'd Benefit:  
Courage is poorly hous'd, that dwells in Number:  
The Lyon never counts the Herd about him,  
Nor weighs how many Flocks, he has to scatter:  
My Followers scarce are more, than one to Six  
Of Your encircling Swarms; --Sickness has shrunk us,  
And the enfeebled Few, whom I command,  
Are, now, scarce better, than as many *Frenchmen*;  
Yet, when we please to move, we shall come on,  
Tho' *France*, conjoin'd with such another Neighbour,  
Stood in our Way; --- Now, even this Night, we'll  
march!

Passage left free, 'tis well!---if 'tis disputed,  
We shall your tawny Plains, with your hot Blood  
Discolour.--- Now, You know our State, and Purpose.

*Fr. King.* Advantage cannot change my Love of  
Peace,

And I yet offer the propos'd Conditions.

*K. Hen.* What, in my Flow of Fortune, I refus'd,  
Can never, in its Ebb, deserve Acceptance.

*Dau.* *France* has but slept, proud King, tho' she  
seem'd dead!

Now shall thy punish'd Folly shame thy Weakness;  
Now shalt thou praise our Patience; --- *England's* In-  
solence

Shall bow beneath the Ransom of her Pride!  
I cannot see what Chance can save Thee now;

Thou

Thou art so near the Gulph, thou need'st must drive,  
Till catch'd, whirl'd round, and swallow'd!-- Therefore, haste,

Remind thy Followers of a short Repentance,  
That, from our vengeful Fields, their Souls ascending  
May make a peaceful, and sedate Departure,  
While their doom'd Bodies, mouldring on our Plains,  
Enrich our Harvests, and atone thy Mischief.

*K. Hen.* Madam! My Heart had Hopes, that Your  
sweet Voice

Might, free from Interruption, have decided  
The yet uncertain End of bloody War;  
But This gay Prince, ambitious of Distinction,  
Ill brooks, that any but Himself should talk:  
Sir!-- It is well--- Your Words are full of Fire!  
Take heed, the dusty Field choak not the Blaze:  
My surly Soldiers cannot threaten thus;  
Their speaking Actions keep their Valour silent,  
And when their Swords find Work, their Tongues  
are idle;

But for their Bodies, many shall, no doubt,  
Find Native Graves; and Monuments, on which  
Witness of this Day's Work shall live in Brass:  
For those, who leave their scatter'd Bones in *France*,  
Dying like Men, tho' bury'd on your Dunghills,  
Even there, your Sun shall greet them with his  
Beams,

And draw their reeking Honours up to Heaven:  
But I grow proud; --- This Air of *France* infects me:  
And I am swell'd with your contagious Vanity!  
No more--when next we meet, our Swords shall argue.

*Fr. King.* Why then 'tis War! ---

*Dau.* 'Tis Glory and Revenge!

[*Exeunt severally the Kings, follow'd by the English,  
and French Parties.*]

*Princess and Charlot come forward on the Stage.*

*Prin.* Now! what can Flattery find to give me  
Comfort?

D

Where

34 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Where are my Prospects now? Did ever Fortune  
Thus send Discovery in a Flash of Hope!  
Just to show Joy, then leave it lost in Darkness!

*Charl.* How happy had your Highness now been  
made,  
Cou'd you have known, that All you wish'd was  
*Henry!*

*Prin.* Tormentor! So they paint the punish'd  
Fiends,

Stung by an envy'd View of distant Heaven!  
Now is War's raging Tide again broke in,  
And all my Hopes are swept away before it:  
O, Cruel! Tantalizing! Curse of Fortune!  
In high-try'd Malice just to show him to me!  
Just to convince me what a Bliss 'twou'd be,  
To have him mine; then, drag him ever from me!  
Heaven! —How he talk'd! —His Words, like  
Summer Breezes,

Ruffled, and fann'd at once my glowing Soul:  
O! what a Scorn of Danger grac'd his Eyes!  
What wanton Gayness sparkled in His Smiles,  
And made even Terror charming! Then his Courage!  
With what a clear and equal Fire it blaz'd!  
Not blown about, or spread, by Blasts of Anger:  
How manly, yet how tender, was his Love!  
O! I shall die with Shame of my own Folly;  
Who ever labour'd thus to be undone,  
And courted her own Misery? who knows,  
If the two Armies join, whether his Breast  
May not be gor'd, by some ill-guided Spear?  
And his Blood pay the Price of my mistaking!  
It is too much! O, *Charlot!* I am mad!

I cannot bear the Thought! Horror distracts me!

*Charl.* Lord *Scroop's* young Messenger not yet  
has left

Our Camp, but waits some Letters from the *Dauphin*;  
Perhaps, if he were trusted with your Wishes,  
He might propose some Means——

*Prin.*



*Prin.* Ha! — say no more —  
 For thou hast started something in my Soul,  
 That bears a Form, too dreadful for Description.  
 The Letters, which my Brother sends, are meant  
 To bring on Treason, and inhumane Murder!  
 The Death of *Henry* was propos'd from *England*,  
 And who can answer for my Brother's Hate?  
 Crush the false Traytors, All-avenging Heaven!  
 But Heaven is slow to punish — Let me think —  
 Why may not I? — I must — I will prevent it —  
 Ages to come, when they shall hear the Fame  
 Of my just Act, shall blest my living Name;  
 What, tho' his Arms my Country's Peace oppose?  
 All, who hate Treason, and strike gene'rous Blows,  
 Shall praise this Deed, which I to Honour owe;  
 And, in the Lover's Cause, forget the Foe.

*End of the Third Act.*





# ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The English Pavilion.*

*King Henry, and Duke of Exeter.*

K. HENRY.

FROM the *French Camp*? to speak with me in private!

What can it mean?—and talks of Traitors, said you?

*Exe.* Brought to my Tent, she earnestly assur'd me,  
I cou'd not more contribute to your safety,  
Than by procuring Her a private Audience.

K. *Hen.* Admit Her, Uncle.

[*Exit Duke of Exeter.*

A Woman Messenger from the *French Camp*!  
There must be Myste'ry in't—my wakeful Soul  
With sudden Hurry, beats the Alarm within me!  
Were I inclin'd to superstitious Dreamings,  
Or apt to build on Signs, and idle Omens,  
There shou'd be Danger near me. Welcome Lady?

*Enter Charlot.*

To what unusual Cause are we oblig'd,  
For your fair Greeting?

*Char.* If my trembling Lips  
Can speak the Purpose of my beating Heart,  
I, from the Princess *Catharine*, come to greet you;  
Command a trusty Guard to follow me,  
And I will point out a discover'd Traitor;  
But lose no Time—The Lords of *France*, who came  
To guide me hither, Strangers to my Purpose,  
Hold him, without, in unsuspected Conference:

Haste

Haste——lest he scape you, and your threatned Life  
Be caught by sudden Danger!

*K. Hen.* Life! what Life!

Cool thy Impatience, gentle Lady! stay  
And temperately explain thy dark Intention.

*Charl.* O! do not trifle with th' important Moments:  
Give me a Guard, and save yourself from Treason  
The Princess gives you Life, and bids me tell you,  
She will not over-rate the gene'rous Merit;  
But hopes, that thus disarming War's worst Meaning  
Entitles Her to claim the Thanks of Peace.

*K. Hen.* Uncle of *Exeter*!

*Enter Exeter.*

*Exe.* What wills my Liege?

*K. Hen.* Call me a chosen Guard.

*[Exit Exeter.]*

*Charl.* One thing I had forgot;  
The Princess, fearful, for her Person's Safety,  
Claims Leave to pass your interposing Camp,  
And enter yon near Castle, *Agincourt*;  
This was my only known, and publick Errand.

*K. Hen.* She shall have Royal, and illustrious  
Welcome;  
The Safety, she bestows, she must command;  
We judge the Occasion happy, and we hope,  
The noble-minded Princess, passing near,  
Will honour us with Licence to declare,  
What Thanks our Heart must owe Her; for our  
Words

Wou'd sully our Conceptions, and deceive Her!

*Re-enter Exeter, with a Guard.*

Go, with this Lady, and observe Her Orders,  
And whom she points you out, seize, and secure.

*[Exeunt omnes, but the King.]*

My Soul, with keen Impatience, waits the Issue  
Of this strange Notice—Treason? —'tis impossible!  
Whom has my short Reign wrong'd? —what want  
a People,



38 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Whom Wealth and Plenty smile upon, at Home,  
And whom, abroad, the Fame of Arms makes  
dreadful?

What wou'd Complaint have more? —Ill-judging  
Vulgar!

Were it not glorious to make Millions happy,  
Who, that had Sense of Bliss, wou'd be a King!  
Th' unbusied Shepherd, stretch'd beneath the Haw-  
thorn,

His careless Limbs thrown out in wanton Ease,  
With thoughtless Gaze perusing the arch'd Heavens,  
And idly whistling, while His Sheep feed round him;  
Enjoys a sweeter Shade, than That of Canopies,  
Hem'd in with Cares, and shook by Storms of Treason!

*Re-enter Exeter.*

Now Uncle! what Discovery?

*Exe.* Near Your Pavilion stood some *French* of Fi-  
gure;

And with them a fair *English* Youth, whom oft  
I have observ'd, and wonder'd at his Beauty;  
The Lady mark'd him out, then took her Leave,  
And as she left, we seiz'd him——

*K. Hen.* Let him come in alone.

*Exeter goes out, and enter Harriet in Confusion.*

A very Boy!—Treason in Thee budds early!  
Who art Thou? say—to whom thou dost belong?  
Silent?—Nay, then, there's Guilt! why art thou  
dumb?

Come farther this way——if thou shun'st the Light,  
Thy Deeds have Darkness in them--Immortal Heaven!  
What is it, that I see?—Can'st Thou be *Harriet*?

*Har.* Can'st Thou be *Henry*, and alive to ask it?

O! 'tis with Justice, Fate, thus, overtakes me,  
For having meanly linger'd in my Vengeance!  
High Heaven will reach Thee, Tyrant! tho' I cannot;  
Since thy still-fortunate Deceits protect Thee;  
Since perjur'd Love does not alone upbraid Thee,  
But thy Eternal Wiles win all alike,

And

And even thy Foes grow treacherous, and assist Thee.

*K. Hen.* But is it possible, that Thou conspir'st?  
That Thou can'st wish me dead?

*Har.* Insulting Tyrant!

Cool, frosty-hearted Monster!——Wish Thee dead?

Why, 'tis the only glorious Hope, I live for!

Think on the Miseries, Thou hast wrung my Soul  
with;

The biting Shame, the never-dying Anguish!

Think on the guilty Arts, the Oaths, the Subtleties!

The endless, inexpressible, Deceits!

The Wiles, and Perjuries, which have undone me!

Think on the feign'd Endearments; studied Graces!

False Smiles; enticing Raptures! labour'd Flatteries!

And all that nameless Train of silent Treacheries,

Which help'd thy tempting Tongue to make me  
wretched!

Look back on all this dreadfull Pile of Baseness,

And then——Oh! Heaven! —— if then, Thou dar'st  
look farther!

If frighted Memory does not fly thy Soul;

Think, in the bitter Agonies of Conscience,

What follow'd all this Train of Preparation!

See me abandon'd to the Lash of Shame;

Turn'd out an Object for sharp-ey'd Derision,

By Friends forsaken, and disown'd by Kindred:

Wild, and distracted, with unconquer'd Sorrow!

Expos'd, to be the Mirth of wiser Hypocrites,

And stand the Scorn-Mark of the hooting World:

Death!—Thou Destroyer! think of This! and then,

In the cool Insolence of Pride, and Majesty,

Ask me again——if I can wish Thee dead?

*K. Hen.* 'Tis true, fair Murderer! I have greatly  
wrong'd Thee!

And, yet, not I——but what I once was, wrong'd  
Thee:

'Tis a sad Theme, and Reason trembles at it:

Yet, what *can* be—all, that weak Words can give

Thee, D 4 And

40 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

And Grief, and Penitence, and Shame, and Love,  
All this sit down, and hear, to calm thy Soul.

*[Takes her Hand.]*

*Har.* Perish that treacherous Smoothness—  
Unhand me, that my curdled Blood, all chill'd,  
As at a Serpent's Sting, when thou com'st near me,  
May flow in Freedom, and give Power to curse Thee.

*[Breaks from Him.]*

*K. Hen.* Have You not Prudence? Are You mad?—

Come hither!

I must, by gentle Force, compell thy Passion,  
Since Reason cannot guide tempestuous Sorrow:  
Calm thy loud Ravings—If thy Shame offends thee,  
Why wou'dst thou thus proclaim it? Be wiser,

*Harriet!*

The quick-ear'd Camp will spread the Telltale Sorrow:  
Nay, 'tis in vain to struggle; sit, and hear me.

*[He forces her into a Chair, and sits down by her.]*

Sit, and be patient, while Repentance pleads,  
And Love's soft Sympathy condole thy Woe;  
As yet, this Dress, and its too bloody Purpose  
Conceal Thee, and thou may'st be still conceal'd.

*Har.* What wilt thou do? Why dost thou thus  
compell me

Helpless, to listen to the Voice of Ruin?

*[Snatches at his Sword.]*

Give me thy Sword—thy Words have lost all Power  
To give me Comfort;—Is that, too, deny'd me?  
Then I must hear Thee; hear thy base Upbraidings;  
Friendless, and destitute of all Assistance,  
Must sit, and tremble at my lost Condition:  
Yet, Thou art guiltier far, than I can be!  
O! Thou wert born to pull down Misery on me,

*[Weeping.]*

And, Every Way, to ruin, and destroy me.

*K. Hen.* If, in this dreadfull Conflict of thy Soul,  
Distracted Judgment holds her ruffled Empire,  
Listen, and mark what my sad Heart shall utter.

Fatal



Fatal our Course of Passion! ——— Its Effect  
Proves bitter ——— but the Cause was tend'rest Love!  
Youth is unbridled, blind, and void of Fear,  
Ever determin'd, ——— deaf to Consequence,  
And rolling forward upon Pleasure's Byas:  
All Youth is thus ——— but mine was worse than All!  
Wild, and disorderly, beyond Example!  
Why did not thy discerning Reason tell thee,  
A Wretch, like me, deserv'd no Pity from thee?  
How cou'd a Madman's Hurry weigh thy Worth?  
But Thou wilt say, my Oaths, and Vows deceiv'd  
thee!

Ascribe that Guilt to thy own Power of Charming:  
When the Blood boils, and Beauty fires the Soul,  
What will the Tongue not swear? — Discretion, then,  
Does, with a Peacock's Feather, fan the Sun;  
Yet, in the midst of all those wild Desires,  
Which then divided my impatient Mind,  
Thou wert the warmest Wish, my Soul persued!  
My Love to Thee was permanent, and strong;  
Thy Beauties were my waking Theme; and Night  
Grew charming, by soft Dreams of thy Perfection.  
Were I, now, what I was, when *Harriet* bless'd me,  
Still were I Hers — My Love can never die!  
And I think on thee, *Harriet*, with such Tenderness,  
As dying Fathers bless their weeping Sons with:  
And were I not a King, Thou still wert happy.

*Har.* Can'st Thou, then, mourn the Sorrows, thou  
hast caus'd me?

Am I still lov'd? — I thought thou hadst despis'd me.

*K. Hen.* Still I regard Thee, with the same Desires;  
Gaze, with the same transporting Pleasure, on Thee,  
As when our bounding Souls first flew together,  
And mingled Raptures, in consenting Softness.  
But Kings must have no Wishes for Themselves!  
We are our People's Properties! Our Cares  
Must rise above our Passions! The public Eye  
Shou'd mark no Fault on Monarchs; 'Tis contagious!  
Else

42 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Else I, to Death, had borne the dear Delight,  
And, bless'd in mutual Transport, still liv'd Thine!  
Call it not Guilt then, 'twas a dire Necessity!  
And what remains, is tenderest Penitence,  
And wish'd Atonement.—For the first, my Soul  
In never ceasing Anguish mourns thy Misery:  
Were the last possible, my Love wou'd reach it;  
But where the Ill's incurable, how vain!  
To rack the Suffe'rer with our useless Cordials!  
What I cou'd do, was done; but thy Disdain  
Made frustrate all my Watchings, o'er thy Fortune;  
And, now——

*Har.* Enough; O! Yet too lovely, *Henry!*  
My aking Heart, oppress'd, twixt Joy, and Pain,  
Can bear no longer the fierce Pangs, it feels:  
Take, now—but bless me yet once more, say, *Henry!*  
Once Mine!-- Dost thou, with Pity, think on *Harriet?*

*K. Hen.* Pity's too mean a Word to reach my Woe:  
The Grief, it gives me, to behold thee thus,  
Can but be *felt!* --- 'Tis not in Language, *Harriet,*  
To cloath its mighty Bulk with due Description.

*Har.* Take, then, these Letters, and be happy still.  
[*Gives him Letters.*]  
They will bring Safety to thee; Canst thou pardon me?  
I shou'd have been consenting to thy Murder!

*K. Hen.* My sad Heart pardons thee, and hopes it  
from thee.

*Har.* Perhaps, when I go hence, we part for ever!  
Pardon me, therefore, if I gaze upon thee;  
My Eyes may never more behold thy Face!  
The chilling Call of Death has warn'd me from thee,  
And I shall be at Peace, ere long, and Happy.

*K. Hen.* O! let me kiss away that mournful Sound.

*Har.* Forbear --- My Soul, too sad, to soften more,  
Shrinks from the fatal Folly!-- much oblig'd  
By this Forgiveness, which has bless'd my Ruin;  
By that kind Pity, which you heal my Woes with!  
I have but one way left, to thank Your Goodness;

I have

I have one new Discovery, yet, to make You,  
 [Feeling in her Pocket.  
 Containing the last Secret of my Soul;  
 I did not think, so soon, to have disclos'd it:  
 But since, without it, you can ne'er be happy,  
 I send it, thus --- directed to my Heart.

[Draws a Dagger, and stabs herself.  
 K. Hen. Rash Girl! What hast thou done?— Uncle,  
 of Exeter!  
 Help me! Who waits without? oh! help! support her!

Enter Exeter, and York.  
 Harriet! the injur'd Harriet, dies! --- O, Uncle!  
 Her catching Grasp, by Fits, strives hard to hold me!  
 Her straining Eyes half burst their watry Balls!  
 Vainly they glare, to snatch a parting Look!  
 And Love, convulsive, shakes her struggling Bosom:  
 Care comes too late; — Her quivering Lips grow pale;  
 And frighted Beauty, loth to leave its Mansion,  
 Ebbs slow, with the unwilling Blood, away:  
 O! see, the fatal Fruits of guilty Love!

Exe. The sudden Wonder so confounds my Thoughts,  
 I know not what Advice to give your Grief:

Poor Harriet! was it Thee, I seiz'd for Treason?

York. Who waits there? --- Gently take away this  
 Body,  
 Place it within, till you have further Orders;  
 The mournful Object will but feed his Sorrow.

[They carry off the Body.

K. Henry opens, and reads the Letters.

K. Hen. O Uncles! Here is Treason will surprize  
 You!

Letters to some, most near us, from the Dauphin,  
 Concerning a large Sum of Gold, in Bribe,  
 For our intended Murder, when the French  
 Shou'd first join Battle with us.

Exe. Heaven forbid!

That such false Traitors should be near Your Person.

York. Have not the Villains Names?

K. Hen.



44 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*K. Hen.* Wou'd ye believe it? *Scroop!*

*Exe.* Lord *Scroop!* Your Bosom Favorite!

*York.* Is this possible?

*K. Hen.* *Cambridge*, and He, join'd with Sir *Thomas Gray!*

These Letters lay all open; Their Delivery  
Was the last Token of poor *Harriet's* Love:

How false, and slippery, are the Wills of Men!

--- Admit the Counsell; --- we'll take instant Care  
To crush this Treason; for the Rest in Hand,  
Delay we, till to-morrow, all Debate.

*Enter Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray, with others;*  
*who, with the King, Exeter, and York, sit down at*  
*the Table.*

*K. Hen.* Surrounded, as we are, give us Your  
Thoughts,

My faithful Friends! for, sure, none here have Cause  
To wish us Evil!---Think ye, the Troops, we head,  
Will cut their Passage thro' th' opposing *Frenchmen*?

*Scroop.* No doubt they will, if Each Man do his Best.

*K. Hen.* Can we doubt That?

*Cam.* There's not a single Heart in Your whole Army,  
That gives not full Consent to all your Wishes.

*Gray.* Never was Monarch more belov'd, and fear'd,  
Than is Your Majesty --- There's not, I think,  
Among Your happy Millions, one griev'd Subject.

*Scroop.* The Men, who were your Father's Enemies,  
Have steep'd their Gall in Honey; and obey You,  
With Hearts brimfull of Duty, and of Zeal.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less --- Uncle, of *Exeter!*  
Enlarge the Man committed Yesterday,  
For railing at our Person; ---we consider,  
It was Excess of Wine, that push'd him forward,  
And, on more serious Thoughts, we pardon Him,

*Exe.* Your Majesty is rich in Clemency;  
And 'tis a Princely Virtue!

*York.* Kings, not more  
By Power grow dreadful, than rever'd for Mercy.

*Scroop.*

*Scroop.* Yet Mercy, sometimes, favours of Security;  
Presumption shou'd be punish'd, lest Example  
Spread, by Forbearance.

*K. Hen.* Oh! let us still be merciful!

*Cam.* So may Your Majesty, yet punish, too.

*Gray.* You show great Mercy, if this Fellow lives,  
After due Taste of sharp Correction.

*Exe.* O! do not thus, with Cruelty's keen Breath,  
Blow off, and scatter, the sweet Dew of Mercy;  
When, from the Heav'n of Power, that soft Rain falls,  
The thriving State looks fresh; Dominion prospers,  
And parch'd Rebellion shuts her drowthy Gapings.  
Mercy is the becoming Smile of Justice;  
This makes her lovely, as her Rigour, dreadfull:  
Either, alone, defective: --- but when join'd,  
Like Clay, and Water, in the Potter's Hands,  
They mingle Influence, and together rise,  
In Forms, which neither, separate, cou'd bestow.

*Scroop.* Well has his noble Grace of *Exeter*  
Declaim'd on Mercy! — Mercy is a Topic,  
Copious, and fair; but Men, who councill Monarchs,  
Must smile at naked Nature's moral Dreams,  
And, skill'd in manly Rigour, cast off Pity:  
Pity! that Waster of a Prince's Safety!  
What! shall a Villain Hind defy his King?  
Spurn at his Laws, and then cry—Help me Mercy!  
I wou'd have us'd my Sovereign, like a Slave,  
And, therefore, must have Mercy—Out upon't!  
'Tis the Priest's Rattle! Heaven's Ambrosial Diet!  
Too thin a Food for Mortals! — Men wou'd starve  
on't:

Mercy is soft, indeed, as his Grace says,  
And so is Rottenness in hoarded Fruit;  
Yet, is such Softness so far wide of adding  
To the Fruit's Value, that, if not cut off,  
It spreads Contagion, and o'er-runs the Sound.

*Gray.* The Advice is just, and I stand up to second it.

*Cambr.*

46 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*Cambr.* He cannot love the King, who counsells Mercy.

*K. Hen.* My Lords! Your too warm Love, and Care of me,

Are heavy Orisons against this Wretch:

But, if small Faults, arising from Distemper,  
May not be wink'd at, how must we stretch our Eye,  
When capital, cool, Crimes, ripe, and digested,  
Shall come before us;-- We'll howe'er enlarge Him;--  
Now, to our other Business—Our *French* Cares.

We have thought fit to name three new Commis-  
sioners,

For what, the written Causes, here, will show:

My Lord of *Cambridge*, there is one to you!

This, *Scroop*! is yours! This yours, Sir *Thomas Gray*!

Read them, and know, I know your Worthiness!

[*Gives them the Dauphin's Letters.*]

Look! how they change! Why, how now, Gentle-  
men?

What find you in those Papers, that you, thus,  
Lose your Complexions?

*Cambr.* Sir, I confess my Fault; and 'twere in vain,  
Now, to deny, what may be prov'd, too plainly!

*Grey.* I, also, own my Guilt.

*Scroop.* We throw us on Your Mercy.

*K. Hen.* Mercy?—Dare Mercy's Foes lay Claim  
to Mercy?

You must not dare, for shame, to think of Mercy!

Your own Advice turns short upon yourselves,

And worries you, as Dogs devour their Masters.

Why shou'd you reap a Good, you envy Others?

See you, my noble Lords! these *English* Monsters!

My Lord of *Cambridge*, here! you all remember,

How he has shar'd our Favour—yet this Man

Has, for a worthless Sum of shameful Gold,

Conspir'd to kill us, in the Cause of *France*!

So has This Knight, tho' no less bound to us,

By Acts of Grace, than *Cambridge*—But, Lord *Scroop*!

What



What shall I say to Thee? Thou, who didst bear  
The Key of all my Counsels! Thou, who might'st  
Have coin'd my Crown out into Gold, to serve thee!  
Canst Thou wish Death to *Henry*?—Is it possible,  
That foreign Hire can bribe my *Scroop* against me?  
If that vile Demon, who seduc'd thee thus,  
Shou'd, with his Lyon Gait, walk round the World,  
He might return, and say to his fellow Fiends!  
I cannot, in my boundless Compass, find  
One Soul, so easy, as that *Englishman's*!  
O! how hast thou, with Jealousy, infected  
The Confidence of Friendship! — A Guard here in-  
stantly!

*Enter a Guard.*

Touching our Person, seek we no Revenge;  
But we our Kingdom's Safety must so tender,  
Whose Ruin you have sought, that, to her Laws,  
We must deliver you — Go, bear 'em hence.

[*Exeunt Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray, guarded.*

*Exe.* This, as an Earnest of Heaven's Favour,  
promises

A glorious Issue of our noble Enterprize.

*York.* So black a Treason, strangely brought to  
Light,

Removes a dangerous Rub, from *England's* Way.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*

*Exeter, looking out,*

The Princess, in her Way to *Agincourt*,  
Enters your Royal Camp, and passes nigh.

*Enter Princess, with Charlot and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Instruct my Wishes, fair, and generous,  
Enemy!

What I shall do, to thank you, as I ought!  
You have, in spight of Fortune, conquer'd me,  
And I grow weak in Arms, as Love grows stronger.

*Prin.* Tho' by the Duty, which I owe my Country,  
I must, perforce, regard you, as a Foe;  
Yet cou'd I not permit such Worth to fall

By

48 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

By Treason, which, by Arms, I ought to wish  
O'erthrown—but shou'd be glad to save, even there.

*K. Hen.* From Honour's Lessons I have learnt to  
know,

That He, whose Life you sav'd, shou'd live for you:  
I thought, when, in your Father's Court, I first  
Fed my devouring Eye with your Perfection;  
I thought, fond Novice, and unlearn'd in Love!  
I, then, felt Passion, which cou'd ne'er be heighten'd;  
But, now, inflam'd by growing Admiration,  
As I come nearer your amazing Excellence,  
Dazled with Lustre, I adore your Virtue,  
Feel your whole Influence, and am lost in Love.

*Prin.* It pleases me, that You, thus, own my Fa-  
vour!

This noble Gratitude adorns your Nature;

I hope, I shall not vainly put to Tryal

This generous Temper of your Royal Soul:

If I am half so dear to *Henry's* Wishes,

As his too-flattering Tongue has painted me,

He will not, cannot, then, deny my Prayer:

\* Accept the Terms, my Father lately offer'd,

And pay me back the Debt, you owe my Care.

*K. Hen.* That were to prove unworthy your Re-  
gard.

[*Alarm of Drums, Trumpets, and Shouts.*  
*Enter Exeter.*

*Exe.* The *French* advance, on every side, upon us,  
Spreading, like Mists, they cloud the neighb'ring  
Hills!

The *Dauphin* heads them; and they come, determin'd,  
To force us on a Battle.

*Prin.* Restless Brother!

Unhappy Accident! — O! Royal *Henry*!

How shall my Wishes speak, divided thus?

Kind Heaven, at least, watch o'er thy noble Person!

And shield thee from the Danger of the Battle.

*K. Hen.*

*K. Hen.* The Night comes on; and 'twere a braver Part,

To have their Courage witness'd by the Morning.  
Madam! you see, I am not fond of Blood,  
Your furious Brother throws Himself upon me,  
And if his Country bleeds, He gives the Wound:  
Whate'er the doubtful Chance of War may be,  
I bear such Memory of your Excellence,  
As cannot die, but with me—Uncle, of *Exeter*!  
Be it your Care to see the Princess safe,  
To *Agincourt's* near Castle——May you live  
Long to adorn the World with your Perfections!

*Prin.* Farewell! and, if we never more must meet,  
Think, 'tis our Fate, and not my Choice, divides us.

[*Exeunt Princess, Charlot, and Exeter.*

*Enter Duke of York.*

*K. Hen.* Who's That?——Good *York*.

*York.* *York*, on his aged Knees,  
Most humbly begs, since the proud Foe comes on,  
He may command your Vanguard.

*K. Hen.* Gallant *York*!

Take, and enjoy, with Glory, thy brave Wish:  
Night's sable Scene is now so closely drawn,  
The Foe, however rash, must wait the Dawn;  
Then, Skill in Arms assist my lab'ring Brain,  
And give that Conquest, Valour scarce cou'd gain:  
The Souls of Leaders must inspire their Bands,  
For all War's Fate lies in the General's Hands.

*End of the Fourth Act.*







ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a large Champian, with the Castle of Agincourt at a Distance: on the one side, the English Camp; on the other, the French.*

*Enter, on the French Side, the Dauphin, Orleans, and Bourbon.*

BOURBON.

NAY, never go about to dispute it; 'tis the best Armour in the World.

*Orl.* The Armour is excellent; but then rob not my Horse of his Due.

*Dau.* Will it never be Morning? — My Lords, of Orleans, and Bourbon! you talk of Horse and Armour; I'll not change my Horse for a Diadem—Cha ha—Cha-ha——he bounds from the Earth, as if his Entrails were Hares! he's the Horse of the Muses! the *Pegasus*! — with Nostrils of Fire! when I once get astride him, I soar! I'm a Hawk! — He trots thro' the Air; the Earth sings when he touches it, and the basest Horn of his Hoof is more musical, than the Harp of *Apollo*.

*Orl.* He's of the Colour of a Nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the Heat of the Ginger! 'Tis a Beast for a *Perseus*! pure Air, and Fire! — The dull Elements, of Water, and Earth, never appear in him, but only in patient Stillness, while I mount him;—

*He*

He is indeed a Horse, and all others of his Kind, you may call Jades.

*Bour.* Indeed, my Lord! it is a most absolute, and excellent Horse!

*Dau.* He is the Prince of Palfrys; — His Neigh, is, like the Bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

*Orl.* Well, but enough of him, Cousin!

*Dau.* Psha! — The Man has no Wit, who can't, from the rising of the Lark, to the Lodging of the Lamb, vary deserv'd Praises on my Palfry! the Theme is as fluent as the Sea! Turn the Sands into eloquent Tongues, and my Horse will be Argument for them All! — Will it never be Day? — I will trot him to-morrow, a Mile, and a half, and my way shall be pav'd with *English* Faces.

*Orl.* I wou'd it were Morning; for I wou'd fain be about the Ears of the *English*!

*Bour.* Who'll go to Hazard, with me, for twenty Prisoners?

*Dau.* Alas, poor *Harry*! He longs not for the Dawning, as we do! What a wretched, peevish, Fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd Followers, so far out of his Knowledge?

*Orl.* If the *English* had any Apprehension, they wou'd run away.

*Bour.* That Island of *England* breeds very valiant Mastiffs!

*Dau.* Foolish Currs! — that run winking into the Mouth of a Bear, and have their Heads crush'd, like a rotten Apple; you may e'en as well say, 'tis a valiant Flea, that dares breakfast on the Lip of a Lyon.

*Orl.* Just! — Just! — and the Men, too, are much a-kin to the Mastiffs! — rough, and robust, in

52 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

coming on; but they leave all their Wit with their Wives; — And then give them great Meals of Beef, and Iron, and Steel, and they'll eat, like Wolves, and fight, like Devils.

*Dau.* Ay; but these *English* are shrewdly out of Beef——Come, now we'll in, 'tis about two a Clock,

And——let me see, by Ten,  
We shall have, Each, a hundred *Englishmen*!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King Henry, from the French Side.*

*K. Hen.* Willing to view 'em near, I have been endanger'd

Beyond a Leader's Prudence—Here I am safe:  
Let me look back a-while, and pause for Thought.

The Night wears off with slow, and heavy, Pace;  
Now, creeping Murmur, and the poring Dark,  
Fill the wide Vessel of the Universe:  
From Camp to Camp, thro' the *thick Shade* of Night,  
The Hum of Either Army stilly sounds!  
The outfix'd Centinels almost receive  
The secret Whispers of Each others Watch:  
Fire answers Fire; and thro' their paly Flames,  
Each Battle sees the Other's umber'd Face!  
Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neigh,  
Piercing the Night's dull Ear: and from the Tents,  
The Armourers, accomplishing the Chiefs,  
With Clink of Hammers closing Rivets up,  
Give dreadfull Note of Preparation:  
The Country Cocks crow round us——mournfull  
Bells  
From distance, send their slow and solemn Sounds——  
The lusty *French* invite the drowsie Morning;  
Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soul,  
They the low-rated *English* play at Dice for:

My



My poor, condemn'd, and thoughtful Followers  
 Sit, patiently, round their small watchfull Fires,  
 And inly ruminate the Morning's Danger:  
 Their lank, lean, Cheeks, sad Air, and War-worn Coats,  
 Present them to the distant gazing Moon  
 So many horrid Ghosts! — Oh! Thou supream!  
 Thou! in whose Hand alone lies Victory!  
 Thou Maker of the Soul, that bows before thee!  
 Judge, 'twixt my Foes, and me — If thou decreest  
 To bless me, with the Power of blessing others,  
 Preserve my Life, for all my People's Safety!  
 But, if my Death can free my dear-lov'd Country  
 From any deep Distress, my Life might cause her,  
 Oh, then! accept Me, as my Subjects Sacrifice,  
 And I have liv'd enough. — Safe, in thy Hands,  
 I rest. — Receive me, if I'm doom'd to fall!  
 And, if to triumph, guide me! — [Exit.

*Enter Duke of York, and Soldiers, meeting Exeter  
 and Soldiers.*

*York.* Stand! — Who goes there?

*Exe.* The Duke of Exeter.

*York.* Saw you the King, my Lord?

*Exe.* He, Royal Captain of our ruin'd Band!

Walks out from Watch to Watch, from Tent to  
 Tent,

Bids all good Morrow, with a gentle Smile,  
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrymen:  
 Upon his Royal Face there is no Note,  
 How dread an Army has surrounded him;  
 Nor does he dedicate one Jot of Colour  
 To the o'erwatch'd, and weary Night — but looks  
 Fresh, and Serene, and covers Apprehension  
 With chearful Air, and smiling Majesty;  
 That Every Wretch, pining, and pale, before,  
 Beholding Him, plucks Comfort from his Looks.

54 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*York.* — Oh! He's a noble King! Good Heaven protect Him!

Of fighting Men, They have full Sixty Thousand!

*Exe.* That's five to one—Besides they are all fresh!

*York.* Heaven's Arm strike with us!-- 'Tis a fearfull Odds!

O! *Exeter*, farewell! Embrace we close,  
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven,  
Then joyfully, my noble Friend, and Brother!  
Adieu, for ever!

*Exe.* Noble *York*, farewell!

O, that we, now, had, here, but one ten thousand  
Of those in *England*, who do no Work to-day!

*Enter King Henry.*

*K. Hen.* Whence was that fruitless Wish? my Uncle *Exeter*!

No! my good Uncle! If we are mark'd to die,  
We are enough for Loss! — and, if to live,  
The fewer Men, the greater Share of Honour!  
I am not covetous of Gold, or Plunder,  
Gay, outward, Things dwell not in my Desires;  
But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,  
I am the most offending Soul alive.

No; pr'ythee, wish not one Man more from *England*;  
Let easy Passports make the Fearful safe.

We wou'd not die in that Man's Company,  
Who fears his Fellowship to fall with us;  
Uncle! what Day is this?

*York.* St. *Crispin's* Day.

*K. Hen.* He, who outlives this Day, and comes safe Home,

Will rowse him, at St. *Crispin's* well known Name;  
The Man, who sees this Day, and lives old Age,  
Shall yearly, on the Vigil, feast his Neighbours,  
And say, to-morrow is St. *Crispin's* Day!

Then, will he strip his Sleeve, and show his Scarrs,  
Old,

Old, as he shall be then, he'll not forget  
 What Feats he did this Day — Then shall our Names,  
 Familiar in his Mouth, as Household Words,  
*Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,*  
*Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, York, and Gloster!*  
 Be, in his flowing Cups, freshly remember'd!  
 This Story shall the Good Man teach his Son,  
 And *Crispin's* Day, henceforth, shall ne'er go by,  
 But we shall be remember'd in it! --- We,  
 We few, we happy Few! we Band of Brothers!  
 For He, to-day, who sheds his Blood with me,  
 Shall be my Brother, be he ne'er so mean!

*Exe.* Now shall our Gountry's Courage meet a  
 Danger,  
 Worthy Her Warrior's Wishes.

*K. Hen.* Out-number'd, as we are, beyond Pro-  
 portion,  
 Solely, to trust our Valour, were but Rashness!  
 Discretion weighs the utmost Grain of Danger:  
 The Ground, we cover, by yon Village fenc'd,  
 Secures our Rear;—On either Flank, strong Hedges,  
 And deep-trench'd Ditches, guard us from Approach:  
 Line these with chosen Bands of *English* Archers,  
 And let Sir *Walter Orpington* command them;  
 Close let them shrowd their Terror, till the *French*,  
 Strong in fierce Cavalry, come pouring on,  
 To break our Front:—Then, let our Archers rise,  
 And drifted Clouds of Death-wing'd Arrows gall  
 Their open Flanks—Hence will Disorder follow,  
 And, spreading dreadfull, mix their Troops together:  
 Be that, brave *York!* the Signal for Your Onset;  
 Furious, attack, and making Inroad thro' them,  
 O'er the cast Horsemen, break upon their Foot,  
 And tread down Number, weakned by Confusion:  
 What more we wou'd have done, shall, as we pass,  
 Be order'd:—This Way, Uncle *Exeter!*

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



56 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*Enter Orleans, and Bourbon.*

*Orl.* Well! Cousin *Bourbon*, is the Foe embattled?

*Bourb.* When will the long'd-for Trumpet sound to Horse?

Do but behold yon poor, and half-starv'd Band,  
Our Show-dress'd War will suck away their Souls,  
And leave them but the Shells --- the Husks, of Men!  
There is not Work to busy half our Hands;  
Scarce Blood enough in all their sickly Veins,  
To give Each Sword a Stain --- we need but blow  
on 'em,

The Vapour of our Valour will o'erturn 'em.

*Orl.* 'Tis positive, beyond Exception, Cousin!

That our superfluous Crowds, who swarm, unusefull,  
About our Squares of Battle, were enough  
To clear the Field of such a weakned Foe.

*Enter the Dauphin.*

*Dau.* Sound out the Note to mount, Ha, ha, ha ---  
Cousins! *[Sound to Horse.]*

Yon Island Carrions, desperate of their Bones,  
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning Field:  
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our Air shakes them, passing scornfully:  
Big *Mars* seems Bankrupt, in their beggar'd Host,  
And, faintly, thro' a rusty Bever, peeps:  
Their Horsemen sit unmov'd --- and the poor Jades  
Lob down their Heads, drooping the Hide, and Hipps;  
And, in their pale, dull, Mouths, the moldy Bitt  
Lies foul, with chew'd Grass, still, and motionless;  
And their Executors, the knavish Crows,  
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their Hour.

*Bour.* They've said their Prayers, poor Rogues!  
and stay for Death.

*Orle.* In mere Compassion, we shou'd send them  
Dinners;

These *English* hate to die, with empty Stomachs.

*Dau.*

## *The Conquest of France.*

57

*Dau.* See! my Guard waits me yonder!---On, to the Field!

Come, the Sun's high, and we outwear the Day.

[*Exeunt.*

*Sound of a Charge, with Drums, Trumpets, &c.*

*The Genius of England rises, and sings.*

### S O N G.

*Earth of Albion! open wide:*

*And give thy rising Genius way!*

*Swell with the Trumpet, and triumph with Pride,*

*At the glorious Renown of this Day!*

*Look! behold! the marching Lines!*

*See! the dreadful Battle joins!*

*Hark! like two Seas, the shouting Armies meet!*

*Eccboing Hills the Shock repeat!*

*And the Vale rings beneath their rushing Feet.*

*Now, hoarse, and sullen, beats the dead, deep, Drum,*

*And mourns, in sad, slow, sound, the Overcome!*

*Now, thickning loud, insults the Ranks, that yield,*

*And rolls a rumbling Thunder, round the Field!*

*Now the Trumpet's shrill Clangor enlivens Despair,*

*And, in Circles of Joy, floats; alarming, in Air!*

*Till the Wind, become musical, charms, as it blows,*

*And enflames, and awakens, the Foes!*

*Hark! Hark! — 'tis done!*

*The Day is won!*

*They bend! they break! the fainting Gauls give way!*

*And yield, reluctant, to their Victor's Sway!*

*Happy Albion! — strong, to gain!*

*Let Union teach Thee, not to win, in vain!*

*Enter in Confusion, Dauphin, Orleans, and Bourbon.*

*Dau.* Death to my Hopes! All is confounded, All!

*Reproach,*

58 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Reproach, and everlasting Shame,  
Sit, mocking, on our Plumes! O! damn'd Witch,  
Fortune!

Let us not run away.

*Orl.* Why, All our Ranks are broke.

*Bour.* O! Shame, beyond Example! Let us stab  
our selves!

Are these the Wretches, whom we play'd at Dice for?

*Orl.* Is this the King, we sent to, for his Ransom?

*Dau.* Shame, and Eternal Shame! Nothing, but  
Shame!

Let us, once more, fly in, rush back again;  
Disorder, that has spoil'd, befriend us, now:

Let us, on Heaps, go die, and hide our Enemy.

*Bour.* We are enough yet living in the Field,  
To smother up the *English* in our Throng,  
If any Order might be thought upon.

*Dau.* Confound All Order now—I'll to the Press.  
Let Life be short, or Shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

*After another Alarm, Enter King Henry, Exeter,  
and Soldiers.*

*Exe.* The Duke of York commends him to Your  
Majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives He, good Uncle!—Thrice, within  
this Hour,

I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;  
From Helmet to the Spur, all Blood He was.

*Exe.* In which Array, brave Soldier! now he lies,  
Hack'd, and trod in, by the o'ertrampling Horse,  
Larding the Plain:—and by his bloody Side,  
Yoke-fellow to his Honour-giving Wounds,  
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lies:

*Suffolk* first dy'd; and *York*, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where, insteep'd in Gore he lay,  
And grasps him by the Neck—kisses the Gashes,

That



That bloodily did yawn upon his Face;  
Then, crys aloud, Stay for me, Cousin *Suffolk*!  
My Soul shall keep thine Company to Heaven,  
As in this glorious, and well fought Field,  
We kept together:—On these Words, I came,  
And cheer'd him up; He smil'd me in the Face,  
Reach'd me his Hand, and with a feeble Gripe,  
Said, Dear my lord! commend me to my Sovereign!  
Groaning, he turn'd, and over *Suffolk's* Neck  
He threw his wounded Arm, and kiss'd his Lips;  
And so, espous'd to Death, seal'd with his Blood  
A Testament of noble-ending Love!  
The moving, and sweet Manner of it, forc'd  
A Flood of Grief, which I wou'd fain have stop'd,  
But had not left so much of Man about me;  
For all my Mother came into my Eyes,  
And gave me up to Tears.

*K. Hen.* I blame You not;  
For, hearing this, I must, perforce, compound  
With wat'ry Eyes, or mine will gush out, too.

*Enter Bourbon.*

*Exe.* The Duke of *Bourbon*, from the *French*, my  
Liege!

*K. Hen.* Come You again for Ransom?

*Bour.* No, Great King!

I come for free, and charitable Licence,  
That we may wander o'er this bloody Field,  
To book our Dead; and ere we bury them,  
To sort our Nobles, from our common Men;  
This my first Errand, Sir:  
His Highness, the Prince *Dauphin*, comes to greet  
You,

And wou'd, if so Your Majesty permits,  
Propose new Terms, and meet, in friendly Parley.

*K. Hen.* Our Ear is ever open to the Call  
Of honourable Peace—He has safe Conduct.

*Enter*

60 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

*Enter the Dauphin, the Princess Catharine, and Orleans.*

*Dau.* Once more, victorious, and high-fated *Henry*  
We meet----Our Sister, anxious after Peace,  
And our dread Sovereign, and Imperial Father,  
Committing to our Care the Publick Safety,  
We come, with mighty, tho' unwilling Wonder,  
To own the Hand of Heaven in Your Success:  
Ten thousand *French* lye, breathless, on Yon Field,  
Of whom, but sixteen hundred Common Men!  
On Your Side, if the strange Report not errs,  
Besides the Duke of *York*, and Earl of *Suffolk*,  
None else of Name—and of all other Men,  
But five and twenty—Heaven! thy Arm was here!  
When, in plain Shock, and even Play of Battle,  
Was ever known so great, so little Loss?  
But we've not lost to You—the Shame of Losing,  
Is overpaid by such a Victor's Glory.  
Stand in my Place; Be Regent over *France*,  
Ev'n while my Father lives,—and when his Days  
Reach their nigh Period, Reign,—and join the King-  
doms!  
Take my lov'd Sister, and be happy, Ever!  
For me, prophetic Hope foreshows me Comfort!  
I shall not long survive my squander'd Fame.  
Sister! farewell;—the Rest we leave to You.

[*Exit Dauphin.*

*K. Hen.* The Prince, high-minded, swells with  
gene'rous Sorrow,  
And 'twere to injure him, to urge him back.  
Now, since I call these matchless Beauties mine,  
Peace shall break out, and, with enliv'ning Lustre,  
Chase moist Affliction from the Widow's Eye;  
All shou'd be bless'd, and gay, when You thus smile;  
Nature shou'd dance with Joy, when Love, and Peace,  
Thus,

Thus, twin'd together, shade the shelter'd World.

*Prin.* O! Noble *Henry*! spite of that Esteem,  
Thy glitt'ring Virtues strike my wond'ring Soul with!  
Some Sighs must be allow'd to sad Reflection,  
How dear our promis'd Joys have cost my Country.

*K. Hen.* The tender Woe becomes thy gentle Nature;

Compassion is the humblest Claim of Misery,  
And They, who feel not Pity——taste not Love,  
Uncle of *Exeter*! send out, to stop  
Perfuit, and stay the Hand of Desolation:  
We must not waste a Country, we have won;  
Command, that in their undissolv'd Array,  
Our Foot kneel humbly, and our Horsemen bow,  
And, ere they take their Rest, pay Heaven its Due.

Thus have our Arms, triumphant, purchas'd Fame,  
And warlike *England* boasts a dreadful Name;  
O! that the bright Example might inspire!  
And teach my Country not to waste her Fire!  
But, shunning Faction, and Domestic Hate,  
Bend All her Vigour, to advance her State.

*F I N I S.*







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